Photo *Reutlinger.*

Sweetheart, if you should call to me
And I were far away,
I'd mount and ride, whate'er betide,
Through darkness and through day.
And none so strong, and none so tried,
To hinder me or stay,
Sweetheart, if you should call to me
And I were far away.

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"THE FIRST LESSON."

From the Painting by G. Sheridan Knowles.

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My Favourite Summer Holiday

Described by Stage Favourites.

MATHESON LANG.

Yachting on the Broads.

Mr. Matheson Lang is passionately fond of boats, and especially of sailing.

"I think," he says, "one of the most delightful holidays I know is to take a small yacht through the Norfolk Broads, and round the sea-coast there. I have done this several summers in a small yacht which I have worked myself with one or two friends, taking no crew or servants, but doing everything—sailing, cooking, all ourselves.

"Given good weather I know nothing to beat it.

"One is in the fresh air day and night, sleeping and waking, working hard, with a most fascinating 'toy,' which occupies every moment."

Photo *Rita Martin.*

Photo *S. Elwin Neame.*

MAUDI DARRELL.

Riding, Golfing, Anything but Punts.

"My ideal summer holiday," says Miss Maudi Darrell, "would be to travel to foreign countries. If that is not possible, a nice house in the country, either Devonshire or Cornwall, with all my dogs and horses and one or two of my best friends, to ride, play golf, etc.

"Any game, or anything except going on the river in a punt, which I loathe.

"I think a river life is too lazy for anybody except those who lie about in various poses which they would not dare to adopt in a London drawing-room, and nurse various pets. Those sort of people have no brains."

Bravo energetic Miss Darrell!

À bas the slothful river loungers! Out upon them!

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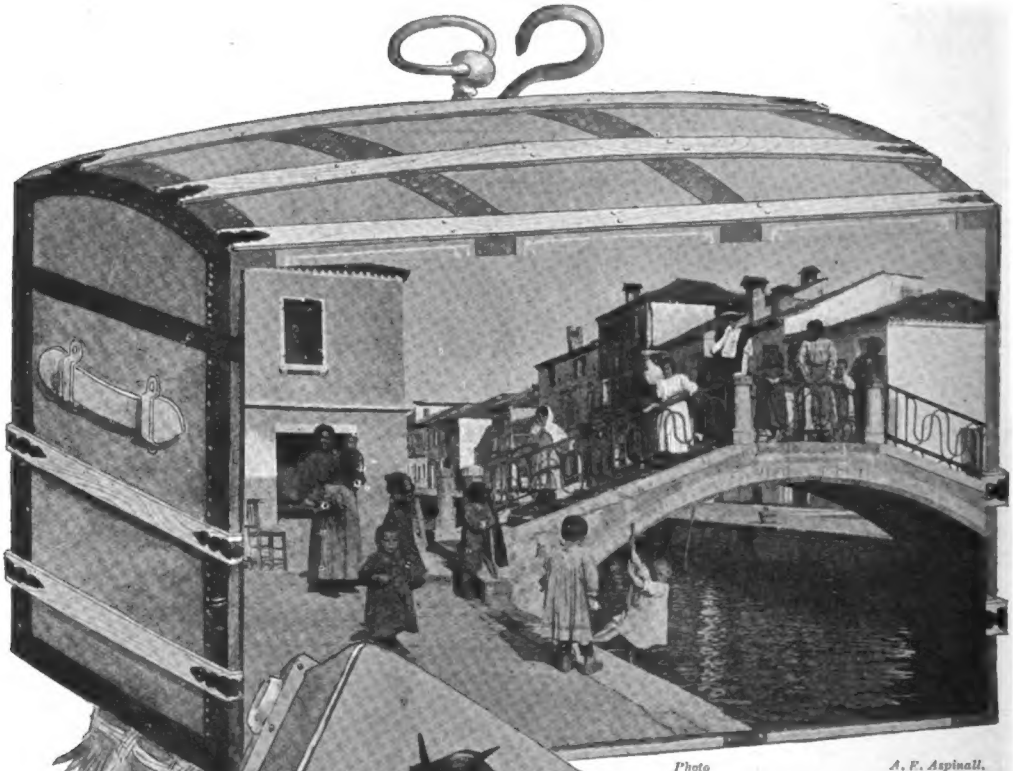

Photo *A. F. Aspinall.*

In this photograph, taken at Venice, Miss Kitty Mason is seen on the bridge resting her hand on the railings.

Photo *Dover St. Studios.*

KITTY MASON.

Travel.

Travelling is Miss Kitty Mason's favourite holiday relaxation.

"I am certainly of opinion," she says, "that the ideal way of spending a summer holiday is to visit the Continent.

"There is nothing so refreshing to mind and body as complete change of scene and language, combined with the invigorating climate of, say, Switzerland, with a nerve cure in one of the peaceful and secluded valleys below Monte Rosa; or, if the weather is unfavourable, at Venice."

We cordially agree with Miss Kitty Mason in her admirable sentiments admirably expressed.

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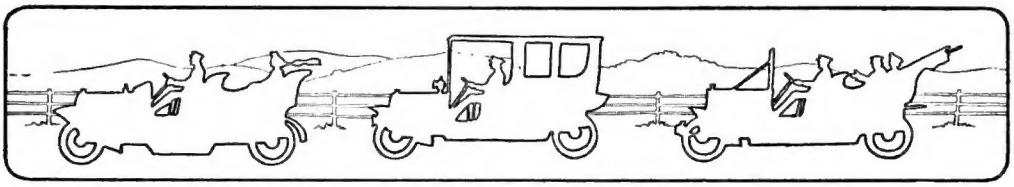

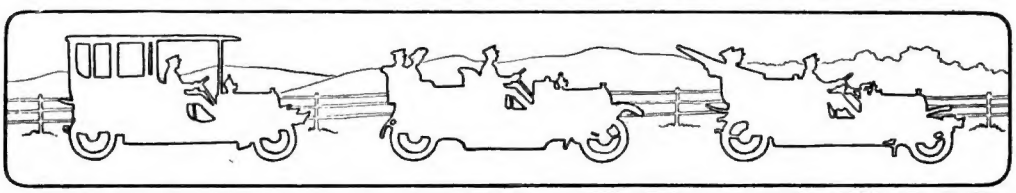

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ISABEL JAY.

Motoring with her Little Girl.

"My ideal summer holiday," confesses charming Miss Isabel Jay, "would be to go in my motor with just a small portmanteau with absolute necessities strapped on at the back, and just stay wherever I like for as long as I like.

"I hope to put this plan into practice this summer (weather permitting). My small daughter is, of course, included in my plans."

Here we see Miss Isabel Jay on the point of fulfilling her ambition respecting her summer holiday. The portmanteau is not visible because it is inside the tonneau of the car.

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Photos *Fouleham & Banfield.*

ETHEL IRVING.

To be at Home in the Country.

"Give me my own home in the country, which appeals to me, perhaps, more than anything else, as I have my horses, dogs, and other pets around me," declares Miss Ethel Irving.

"For a change, then, give me the seaside, or some place like the Broads, for a glorious sail and a scent of the sea breezes.

"My general occupations are reading, fishing, shooting, riding, boating—in fact, any kind of sport which will take me out of myself and 'theatrical atmosphere.'"

Fortunate Miss Irving! No matter what the weather, she can accommodate herself to it, and revel all day long in congenial sport, be it wet or fine.

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HAYDEN COFFIN

Would Rather Not Say.

"This is a matter I would rather not express myself upon in print," observes Mr. C. Hayden Coffin.

Naturally, we ask ourselves the question: "Why not?" Does Mr. Hayden Coffin never take a holiday, or is there some mystery about his occupations when resting from his theatrical labours?

Perhaps, far away from the haunts of ordinary mankind, there is some beautiful and secluded spot unknown to anyone but himself where this favourite of the matinée maiden periodically retires and, remote from theatres, orchestras, composers, and other annoyances, refreshes his soul in peace and quietness.

On the other hand he may go to some quite ordinary place, where we rub shoulders with him and never know it.

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Photo *Rita Martin.*

TOPSY SINDEN.

Quietness and Remoteness from Theatres.

"My idea of a holiday is—to be nice and quiet and to forget I am on the stage, putting all business away from me, and have plenty of boating, swimming, and motoring (if I had a motor)." Thus charming Miss Topsy Sinden.

Surely everyone will wish with all their hearts that Miss Sinden may in the near future become the happy possessor of a large and magnificent motor, so that she can realise her heart's desire in the matter of a summer holiday.

In any case let us hope that the weather gods will do their best and provide her with sunshiny days wherein to gratify her tastes for boating and swimming.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

MARIE STUDHOLME.

Living at her Riverside Cottage.

"To come here to my cottage (Laleham-on-Thames), three miles from a station, to have nothing to do but just do what I like.

"I have four nice friends staying with me, three dogs, two swallows' nests outside my bedroom window, and every other kind of nest in the garden, squirrels in the hollow of an old tree, visits from owls in the evening, the cuckoo to wake me in the morning, a garden, croquet lawn, golf links opposite my cottage.

"No trippers, no autograph hunters, no theatres, no debts. Sufficient money to buy necessities from the village 'Post-office and Stores' and to have luxuries sent from town. Good health, and plenty of hot water in the bathroom."

Such is Marie Studholme's ideal summer holiday. And so say all of us!

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

GLADYS COOPER.

A Punt on the River.

Pretty Miss Gladys Cooper, of the Gaiety Theatre, describes her ideal summer holiday as follows:

"Give me a two-foot punt and a pole, and I am perfectly happy. This summer I hope to go in for punting competitions if only I have the time for practice, but what with singing-lessons, fencing, etc., one doesn't get much opportunity."

Miss Cooper is also an ardent devotee of golf, as may be seen from her photograph. Although no pursuit makes a graceful girl more graceful than punting, Miss Cooper cuts a charming figure when arrayed for the royal and ancient game. But then Miss Cooper could not help looking charming in any circumstances!

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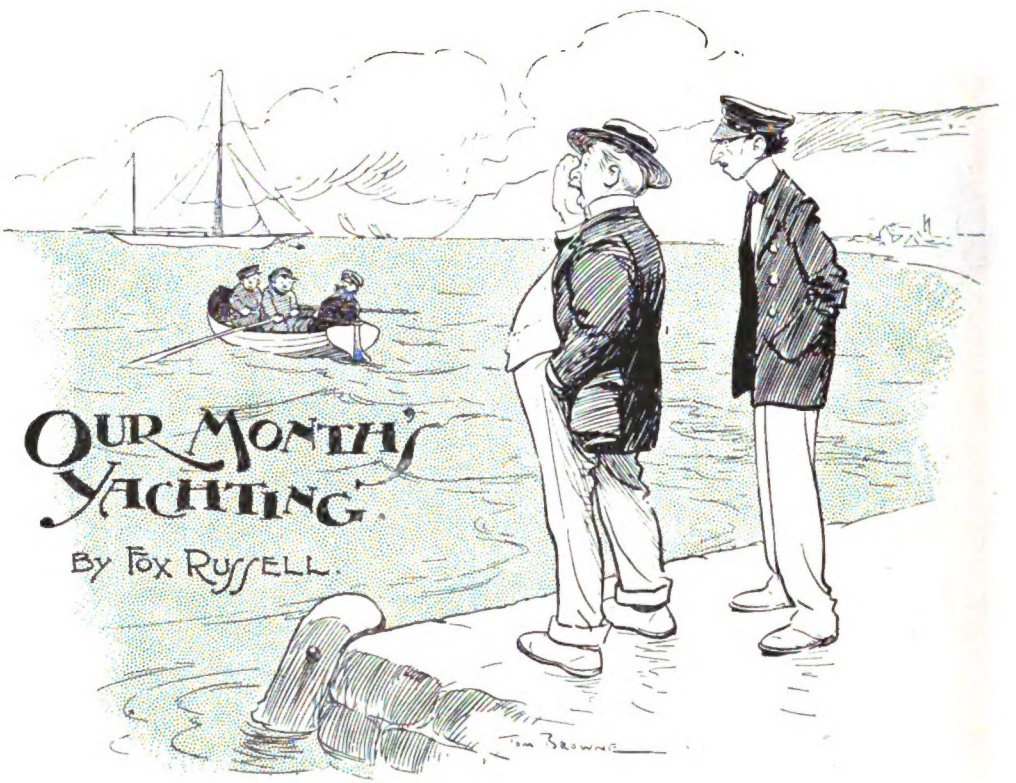

A Story of the Sea.

WEARY of the conventional month's holiday by seaside or moorland, I eagerly jumped at a friend's suggestion that I should hire a yacht, and for four whole weeks disport myself actually *upon* the briny ocean. Through the same friend—a Mr. George Tumford, quite a professional hand in a boat, he assured me—I heard of a yacht, which was to let for August, and at once agreed to negotiate.

"Nice yawl, sixty tons, newly coppered this year," said Tumford. "Like yawls?"

I hastened to assure him that yawls had a peculiar fascination for me. Then I secretly wondered what the deuce a yawl was? It sounded like a Yarmouth herring-boat.

"Yes, so do I; much handier rig than cutters, with their big mainsails to hoist. She's well fitted out, almost a new suit of sails by Lapthorne. Like Lapthorne's sails? Her rigging is——"

"One moment—is the steward a good cook?" I interposed anxiously.

"Oh, the very best, never fear about that. And her skipper is a most competent man, too."

I authorised Tumford to close with the offer of *Celandine,* and said I would take possession on August 1st. I also invited Tumford for the first week, and he accepted with avidity. I afterwards learnt from experience that Tumford always did accept invitations with avidity: it was Tumford's way.

Of course, the first thing to be done, having hired a yacht lying at Southington, was to secure rooms at a Southington hotel. Tumford remonstrated at this, but I was firm. One might not feel inclined to face the stormy main at once.

Late on August 1st. we arrived at Southington. Mabel, my wife, her sister and Tumford were with me, and we found the hotel very comfortable. Our sitting-room window "gave" on the bay. *What* it gave, I don't quite know, but I believe that is the correct expression. And through that window we could see *Celandine* at anchor.

"Like a hound straining at the leash, isn't it?" cried Tumford rapturously, watching the vessel bobbing up and down on the waves.

It was like nothing of the kind, but I

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nodded an assent—the world-wide craze to find similes and say that everything is "just like" something entirely different, always annoys me.

"Shall we go aboard to-night? I know you'll be wanting to see the skipper."

I didn't want to see the skipper: why should I? And I flatly refused to give up Bridge to go out, and get wet in those beastly waves. Tumford sighed resignedly, and went up to dress for dinner.

The next day dawned bright and fair, and, breakfast over, we determined to go aboard.

I paid the hotel bill, and Tumford and I, leaving the ladies to pack up, went down to the jetty and yelled "*Celandine*, ahoy!" till I desisted for fear of injuring my lungs. But Tumford persevered until, with a great splashing of oars, the gig came ashore, through the broken water, and I could not refrain from the thought that *terra firma* possessed certain advantages over the restless ocean. I mentioned this to Tumford.

"Wait till you're aboard, my boy," replied he, with a confident wink.

The gig came alongside, and two of the crew hung on to the jetty, whilst I interviewed the skipper. According to him, everything was all ataut (whatever that might mean), and he was quite ready to start.

"Like to get down as far as the Island to-night?" said the skipper interrogatively.

"Is it calm, do you think?" I asked doubtfully.

"Calm enough, sir, in a manner o' speakin'. Nothin' to hurt; though I dessay there'll be a bit of a bobble outside."

"Oh," I said hesitatingly, and relapsed into silence.

"It's nothing," maintained Tumford stoutly. "I don't think even the ladies would feel it."

Ha! the ladies. Happy thought! It supplied me with an excuse—idea, I mean. So I slowly shook my head, and, in mildly reproachful tones, said:

"My dear fellow, we must consider the ladies. I am sure they would not like a—what's the nautical expression, bobble?—yes, bobble. To bobble would be most unpleasant; and, after all, there's no hurry, this is only August 2nd, and I've got the yacht for the month."

The gig shored off, and I shouted to the skipper to return the following morning.

We passed the day playing lawn tennis. I can knock Tumford's head off at that. The ladies unpacked again.

We woke next day to a flat calm. The gig came to fetch us off and, this time, we—Tumford and I—did embark. As owner *(pro tem.)* I was expected to sit in the stern sheets and steer. *Noblesse oblige!* But somehow the process of bringing the boat alongside *Celandine* was not so easy as it looked, and I only succeeded after bumping hard against the yacht's side, and getting our bows grabbed ignominiously with a boat-hook, but for which we should have gone astern again rapidly. However, "once aboard the lugger"—I think that's the whole of the quotation; if there's any more, I never heard it.

We went all over the yawl, and admired her cabin accommodation, and everything else, down to the knives and forks.

"Plenty of head-room," said Tumford. "Like plenty of head-room."

"So do I," I answered mendaciously, wondering what in the world "head-room" meant.

"We'll stay and have lunch," I said.

I called the steward and told him to bring a basin of soup, which he did; and after a cigar on deck I asked the skipper whether we could have a sail.

He scratched his head with a thoughtful air and the end of a belaying-pin.

"We—ell, you see, sir, in a manner o' speakin'" (wish he wouldn't always say this), "you *could* just drift down on the ebb, but there's not a puff of wind and we couldn't get back to our moorings again; we should drift about all night and——"

"Thanks," I hastened to interpose. "No, we will wait for a breeze. Do you see any sign of one in the—er—" I hesitated for a moment, and then, taking my courage in both hands, I added, "in the offing?"

I have always vaguely wondered where and what an "offing" was, and I furtively watched the skipper's eye to see what it rested on before he answered my question.

"No, sir, no, I'm afraid I can't see no signs of wind—more likely this calm'll be followed by a channel fog."

Deuced annoying, this—especially as my new suit of blue serge, with anchor buttons, and peaked yachting-cap, had arrived overnight. However, I was consoled by the thought that they would certainly attract attention on shore.

The skipper then suggested that we should live on board, and that he should send for our luggage.

But the thought of being boxed up on a small yacht in a calm, and a possible fog, did not appeal to me.

"No thanks, skipper, I think we'll wait.

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we're very comfortable at the hotel. After all, it's only the third of August."

We went ashore again with the full determination that we should start our cruise upon the morrow.

Alas for human propositions! The captain proved weather-wise, and the fog he had predicted was there, sure enough, next morning. We were deprived of even the poor satisfaction of seeing *Celandine*.

The ladies were getting restive, so, to keep them in good humour, I suggested a visit to the neighbouring town, a morning's shopping, and a lobster luncheon at the hotel there. Before we returned the fog had all cleared off, and that night at dinner, I said optimistically, that nothing was now likely to prevent our commencing our cruise on the morrow.

A glorious morning followed. And a glance at the blue, rippling waters of the bay told me there would be a nice sailing breeze outside. The gig and dinghy were at the jetty at 9.30., and, ten minutes later, we were on board.

"Making a start at last, sir," the skipper said cheerily.

The crew quickly got the capstan bars fixed and then hove on to them lustily. The skipper was forward at the anchor chain where it came in through the hawse-hole. All went well for a couple of minutes, and then the chain suddenly stopped coming in.

"Heave!" shouted the skipper.

They "hove," but without result.

"Put your backs into it!" cried the mate encouragingly.

Presumably they did so—no use.

The skipper looked troubled.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Afraid we've got our anchor foul o' something," he said darkly.

For half-an-hour the men violently "hove" on the capstan bars, but in vain. Then the skipper, hot and angry, came aft to me.

"No help for it, sir, we must have a diver to go down and see what we're foul of."

I sighed resignedly.

We couldn't obtain the diver till next day, and, when he did arrive, he hadn't brought one of the necessary air pipes with him. So it was August 7th when he ascertained the mischief. Our anchor had hitched on to some moorings. It took four hours' hard work to get it clear.

The next day we had another Channel fog.

I really began to think I was a little unfortunate. Still, we had been very lucky in getting our rooms at the hotel again after giving them up. We unpacked yet again.

Later on, the fog changed into a steady, persistent rain, which lasted all the next day.

Nothing could have been more auspicious than the day following. Just the breeze we wanted, and a smooth sea. I strolled down to the jetty before breakfast, and hugged myself to think of the impending sail, when, with our snowy cloud of canvas aloft, our stem cleaving the bright blue sea, and that silly ass Tumford well out of the way, boring the skipper instead of me, I should——

A telegram. It had been sent after me by the waiter at the hotel, and was from my managing clerk.

> Smithson arrived from Cape, leaving for Paris Thursday. Must see you most important Wire reply.

There was no help for it. Smithson was one of my best clients. The yacht must wait. Well, after all, there was plenty of time to spare. I should be back by the eleventh or twelfth.

I explained to dear Mabel and suggested that they should sail down to Shrimpington Bay and there await me. Dear Mabel didn't see it.

"Not with that horrid bore Tumford," she said, unguardedly. And the fact that the "horrid bore" entered the room at that precise moment, and probably overheard her impromptu description, merely lent piquancy to the situation.

However, wiser counsels prevailed, and I saw them all off in the gig before catching my train to town. Again I paid the hotel bill—not, I confess, without a misgiving that I might have to pay another before finishing with Southington.

London was insufferably hot, and after transacting my business it was with a sense of relief that two days later I entered the train which was to bear me to Shrimpington Bay.

On arriving there I put my bag on a cab and drove direct to the pier. But no *Celandine* was in sight. I inquired of nautical people, with blue jerseys, but they were all positive she hadn't arrived. Something had evidently happened to prevent their starting. I looked at my watch—just time to catch the last train for Southington. I jumped into a cab and reached the station in time.

After a tiresome cross-country journey, it was midnight before I reached my destination. Tired and dinnerless, I went back to our old hotel, and was rather alarmed to hear that *Celandine* had sailed after all. I had supper, and then wrote out a wire to be sent

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"*Celandine?* . . . Yes, she's here all right. I saw her anchor—why, there she goes!"

the first thing in the morning to the pier-master at Shrimpington

> Is yacht *Celandine* in Bay? Reply paid. Hartly, Grand Hotel, Southington.

And, an hour after its dispatch, the reply arrived:

> Yes. Came in last night.

After again paying the hotel bill I rushed off to the station, and at 2 p.m. I once more found myself upon the pier at Shrimpington, and accosted the harbour master.

"*Celandine?* Oh, you're the gentleman who wired me this morning. Yes, she's here all right. I saw her at anchor—why, there she goes!" he broke off suddenly, pointing to a cloud of snowy sail. And I saw, to my unspeakable annoyance, *Celandine* just disappearing round the gleaming white cliff, which formed the eastern headland of the bay.

Why hadn't they wired? I afterwards found out that, while *I* thought they were at Southington, *they* thought I was at—but it was all too maddening, and, without another word, I again rushed off to that confounded station: this time taking the precaution of wiring to Southington that I was on my way, and sarcastically suggesting that they should try to remain where they were till I arrived.

Dear Mabel met me on Southington station—with reproaches. Why had I let them in for all this bother, and the boredom of that insufferable creature, Tumford? It was really too bad of me, etc., etc.

I calmed her, and said that nothing should now prevent our starting on the morrow.

"After all," I repeated airily, "it will only be the middle of the month, then."

"Yes, I think I've heard you say something of the sort before," retorted Mabel rather tartly. And then she added, with sweet, feminine inconsequence:

"You really are so slipshod in your methods."

Now this was too bad. Could I help the calm, the fogs, the gales, the wretched anchor fouling? But nobody ever argues with dear Mabel—*i.e.* not if he *knows* dear Mabel.

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August 14th seemed favourable, and Tumford grew quite hilarious.

"We'll sling our hook to-day" (I sincerely wished that Tumford would sling his); "look alive my hearty!"—Tumford always grows nautical when in proximity to salt water—this to our yacht's hand, who was, for about the sixth time, getting our luggage into the dinghy.

Once more I paid our obliging landlord's bill and then prepared to plough the stormy main in earnest.

We were "all aboard" only half-an-hour late—this time no anchor fouled, nothing untoward occurred, and within ten minutes we had hoisted our mainsail and were off.

We slid smoothly along on a strong ebb tide, and Tumford's first act was to go below and discuss a bottle of Bass. As soon as he had done this, and endeavoured to secure my own particular cabin for himself—I may here remark that his failure to do so was entirely owing to the fact that dear Mabel had been beforehand with him, and taken it for herself—he came on deck singing:

"We're afloat, we're afloat,
In a jolly old boat!
We're afloat, we're afloat——"

And then a strange thing happened. Everyone of us, men and women, captain and crew alike, suddenly sat down with awful violence on the deck. Tumford's lyrical assertion was falsified—we were *not* afloat. On the contrary, we were aground.

The awful scene of uproar which followed simply defies description. The skipper leapt to his feet and shouted something about: "Leggoyourmainhalliards! Downmainsail! Downjib!" The men ran hither and thither, trampling the decks in wild confusion. Tumford was accidentally knocked down by the mate (I *was* glad), and Mabel and I made frantic efforts to unfasten an awning rope, under the impression that we were lowering a boat.

Then, order being partially restored, the skipper came aft and addressed me.

"It was losing that 'arf-hour in coming aboard, sir," he said gloomily. "Not water enough to clear the bar 'ere, and, being ebb tide, 'ere we've got to stick till the tide makes again. I don't suppose that'll be much before six o'clock to-night. Pr'aps you'd like to play deck quoits till then? I only hope she ain't damaged nothing."

I really couldn't stay all day long on a mud bank, so we were rowed back to the jetty, and as six o'clock was too late, anyhow, for a start, we again took those same rooms at the hotel. The landlord now looked upon us evidently as regular *habitués*.

"Thought you'd be back, sir," he said, rubbing his hands together cheerfully, "so I got up another bottle of the green seal."

Excellent creature! Evidently had the gift of prophecy.

That evening the skipper presented himself at the hotel with a troubled brow. We were finishing dinner and I filled him a glass of the green seal.

"Very sorry, sir," he began, "we've got the yacht off, but the damage is greater than I expected, and we shall have to be overhauled. Baymouth's the nearest dock, and we can't get back under a week."

I really began to despair, although generally of sanguine disposition. However, there was no help for it, and, after the skipper had finished the bottle of green seal, he left, promising to wire directly the repairs were executed.

A week passed very pleasantly with golfing, bathing, and lawn tennis. Then I received a wire—

"Hope to finish repairs to-morrow."

Each morning, for some days, I received a reassuring wire—yacht always coming but never came. At last, on August 29th, *Celandine* actually hove in sight. Tumford cheered, and, generally speaking, made a monumental ass of himself.

"Let's get aboard at once, my hearty!" he cried, slapping me on the back. I wished he hadn't, as I had just swallowed four cups of tea and three rounds of buttered toast.

It was Saturday night: too late to bother about changing our quarters. I said we would wait till next day, and we were again finishing dinner when the skipper was announced. I put away the bottle of green seal and said: "Ask him in."

"All's ready at last, sir," said he, sitting down on Mabel's work-basket and rising again hurriedly.

Then the sea-rover's eye travelled round the table as though in search of something, and I weakly relented, got out the green seal, and helped him generously.

"Send the boats early to-morrow, and we'll start for Plymouth. We'll have one good sail out of my month's hire of the yacht, anyhow," I said cheerily.

A smart breeze was blowing when we were rowed out to the yacht, and the gig jumped about in rather lively fashion as we brought up ("*Absit omen*," I muttered) alongside *Celandine*. Directly we got the boats hoisted in we started.

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Tumford insisted on trolling nautical songs —but only at first. After we cleared the shelter of the head, and slappped into the first big sea, the singer went below; the ladies followed; then I gave up smoking, and suddenly ceased to take any interest in sailing as a sport, felt tired, began yawning.

* * * * *

But we had burnt our boats behind us—figuratively speaking, of course—the skipper, on being appealed to, declared it impossible to return to our anchorage with wind and tide both foul. And so, for six mortal hours, was that agonising time prolonged till we ran behind the breakwater at Portland for shelter. Once the steward suggested soup: we smiled in a ghastly, sepulchral manner and waved him away. Tumford groaned without intermission throughout the time. Tumford was a fraud of the first (salt) water.

Inside Portland it was perfectly calm, and we slept the sleep of exhausted nature. Next morning, having tipped the skipper, the steward and crew, we were rowed ashore. Our yachting month (?) was over.

Dear Mabel was inclined to wax sarcastic at my expense.

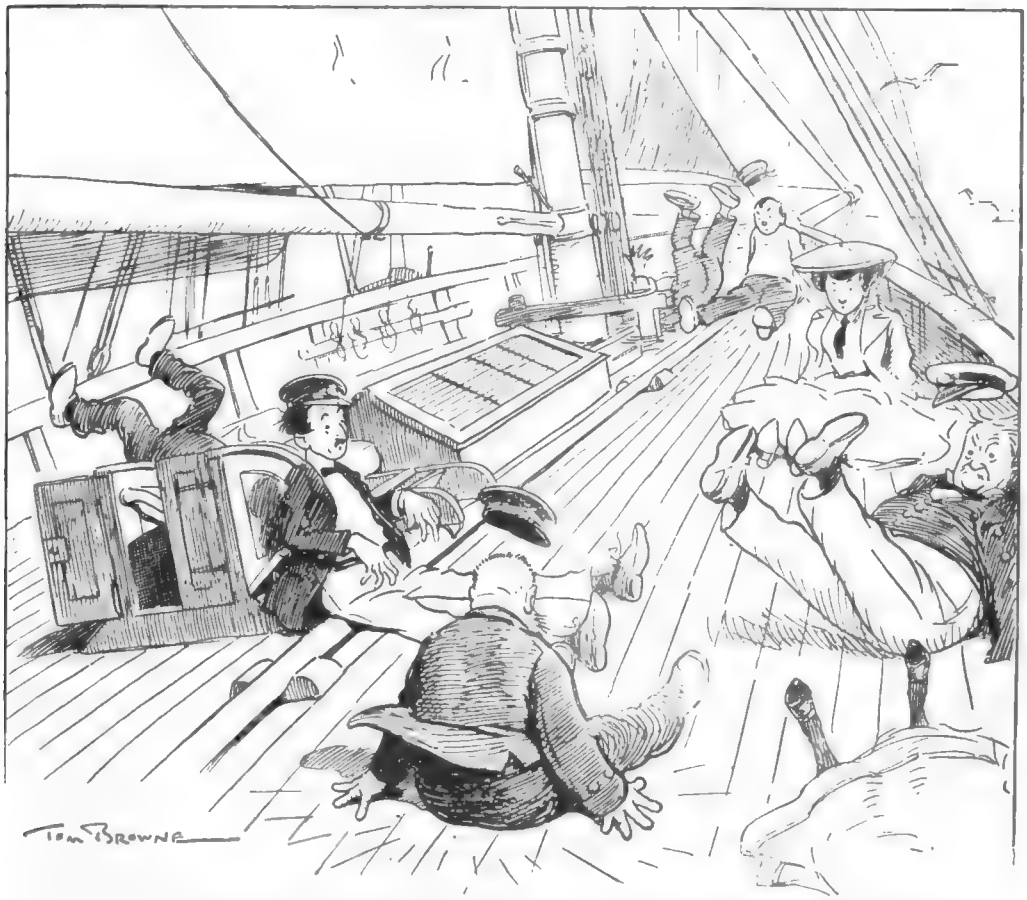
"Haven't you some Mark Tapleyan observations to make, on our horrible sufferings of yesterday?" she asked, as we settled ourselves comfortably in a first-class carriage of the train to London.

"Well, my dear Mabel," I said, "we can't deny that we were lucky in——"

"There!" interrupted Mabel triumphantly. "I knew he'd say something like that."

"I was merely going to say," I continued, "that even you must admit that it was very lucky that we only had one day's sailing. Think of what a whole month of yesterday's sufferings would have been!"

And even dear Mabel was silent.



And then a strange thing happened. Everyone of us, men and women, captain and crew alike, suddenly sat down with awful violence.

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Mr. Thomas Symonds.

No. XLIII.—THE SIEGE OF PARIS: THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. THOMAS SYMONDS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

The Franco-German War began in July, 1870, and lasted seven months. It cost France nearly £400,000,000 and 350,000 men, including prisoners. Soon after the war broke out a German army marched on Paris, which was invested and forced to surrender. The conclusion of the war was followed by the Commune in Paris—a reign of terror during which, in one short week in May, 1871, nearly 2000 regular troops had been killed or wounded, about 50,000 insurgents were dead, and 25,000 were prisoners, while almost a fourth part of the city had been destroyed by fire and bombardment. The estimated loss of property during the Commune was £30,000,000. Mr. Thomas Symonds was in Paris during the war and returned to the city before the insurrection. He was there throughout the reign of terror, and is still a resident in the French capital, where he has lived for nearly forty years. But he remains an Englishman.

You hear more of the siege of Paris by the Germans than of the days when the city was at the mercy of those ruthless insurrectionaries who were called the Communists; but for suffering and horror the investment is completely overshadowed by those later days when the very refuse of the people held the mastery, and were more pitiless enemies of the Parisians than the triumphant German legions. They slew without mercy and destroyed without discrimination. Everything gave way to their lust for blood, and at this moment, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, within rifle-shot of the place where we are talking, you may see the shot-shattered backbone of the Archbishop of Paris, who, with thousands more, illustrious and obscure, fell a victim to the bullets of those awful times.

You may look upon the streets in which the regular troops and the insurgents came into furious conflict; and everywhere you can see the stately buildings which were gutted, or have risen from the ashes of the fires that were fed with petroleum by the maddened populace. The Palace of the Tuileries was burnt and so utterly destroyed that now you can only look upon the site of it; the Hotel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Palace of Justice, the Ministry of Finance—these and other splendid structures were wrecked either wholly or in part. There is not a street or building in this beautiful and happy Paris which has not its tale to tell of fire and sword and death.

This morning you were in the Champs Elysées, where the trees are bursting into life again, the birds are singing joyously, the people in their thousands throng the glaring pavements; the noble Arc de Triomphe is dotted with the tiny forms of those who have ascended for the splendid view; the avenues are crowded with the merrymakers; yet I have seen the cavalry and infantry charging upon their own countryfolk near the Champs Elysées; I have been at the Arc de Triomphe when it has been deserted except for combatants; I have seen the dead laid out in rows and heaped up in the quiet streets which radiate from the arch, and I have been in the thronged boulevards when there has been no living creature on the pavement except myself and the sparrows.

To-day all faces are happy. Time is merciful, and the grim past has been buried and almost forgotten; yet it is not forty years ago that I looked around me in this same

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Paris and saw nothing but ruin and desolation in the streets, nothing but sadness and the shadow of death on the faces of the women. It is always the women who suffer most, and who, when they are roused to frenzy, do the worst things. In the days of the siege and the Commune, women starved and died so that their children and their menfolk might live; yet in those days also women were the cruellest and most inveterate of all the enemies that men had to deal with. And was it not so in the days of the Revolution?

I was in Paris when the war with Germany began, when there were frenzied shouts of "To Berlin!" and when there was scarcely a Frenchman who did not honestly believe that the triumph of the troops who were the successors of Napoleon's veterans was certain. I was in Paris, too, when time after time there came the dreadful news of some colossal downfall of the Empire's soldiers, and when, at last, even the wildest enthusiast realised that the Germans were advancing to crown their amazing victories with the capture or destruction of the capital.

We were slowly invested, and food became scarcer and scarcer. Those who had supplies hid them, although to do so was a crime. There was a man who had an immense stock of eatables in his cellars. He was found out, and knew that if he fell into the hands of the infuriated people he would either lose his life or be severely punished. He dared not face the consequences of his action, and so, in his own cellars, among the food-stuffs he had hoarded, he destroyed himself.

As we became absolutely penned in no one was allowed to go outside the gates. Nor was it wise that a man should do so, for it was the hardest of hard things to prove that one was inoffensive and harmless, and not a spy. And the winter was so terrible, too, that a man was glad to keep within doors and shelter as much as he could. There was the intense cold to fight against, as well as the food shortage. All the animals in the Zoo were killed and eaten, some of the choicest cuts and tit-bits, like elephants' trunks and hoofs, fetching enormous prices. Horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, birds—every sort of animal that could be caught was used for food, and it was amazing how good the most unpromising of them proved to be. Some of the poor devoured their candles, and there were more of these eaten than burnt during the siege, because it was forbidden to show lights in houses after dark.

As the certainty of siege was recognised, the National Guard was formed. All sorts of men joined it—tradesmen, artisans, clerks, and labourers. There was some small pay for it, about a franc and a half a day, and swarms of fellows preferred to join the Guard rather than work. There was plenty of swagger, much talk, and not a great deal of risk, because the real hard work, that on the outskirts and in the forts nearest to the enemy, was done by the Regulars and the sailors. A friend of mine who was in the National Guard took some of my clothing to help to array himself as a warrior. There was no such thing as a recognised uniform.

I had to return to England on urgent business, and I got away, with infinite trouble, by the last train to leave Paris. I returned to the city by the second train that entered from Calais. It took me three days and nights to accomplish what is now a few hours' journey. I saw what war meant. Bridges were destroyed, railways were shattered, and locomotion was paralysed. It was a case of training it when we could, then busing it through the broken spaces of railroad, or, when there was no vehicle, walking or ferrying.

I was back in Paris again, and had time to realise what the war had meant. Paris, the proud, the beautiful, the invincible, had fallen. The Germans had marched in triumphantly, and had marched away again. Four hundred thousand men had surrendered to half their number; German prisons held more than a quarter of a million French soldiers; and the hospitals throughout the vanquished country were crowded with the sick and wounded.

France had fought—and France had been beaten. Peace had been signed, and the French Government was at Versailles, where most of the troops were quartered. Few Regular soldiers were left in Paris, and the more reckless of the people were talking of the Commune—the seizing of the city by the people, to be governed by the people. Already there were murmurings of the dreadful storm that was to break over the proud capital, which in so many ways had been so severely punished.

The first sign of the trouble that I came across was when I hired a cab to take me over the river. I had often made the journey before, and when it was done I proffered the fare—two francs and the *pourboire*. The *cocher* furiously demanded more—four times more. I scoffed at his greed, and told him that I would give him into the care of the police. It was his turn to laugh and scoff—and I had to pay the sum demanded, for at that moment there was not a policeman left in Paris who

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would have dared to interfere. The force had been terrorised in some strange fashion, and every member of it knew that the Communists were banded together with the object of throwing into the river everyone who dared to interfere with the sovereign will of the populace.

Just as, soon afterwards, the noblest buildings in the city burst into conflagration, with petroleum thrown on to feed the fierce flames, so the insurrection broke out, with all sorts of terrible deeds done to goad the Communists to the committal of worse outrages. I saw the evil creatures enter Paris who were to perpetrate the foulest excesses; I witnessed little bands of disaffected soldiers and National Guards come in who were resolved to join the lawless masses—and I never before nor since that time looked upon more dangerous and unsavoury specimens of my fellow-creatures.

Some of those who entered carried fixed bayonets, on the points of which loaves were impaled. Each man would cut or tear a piece of bread off the bayonet and then stick back the remainder of the loaf. I saw this done repeatedly—and I was not greatly comforted, because I knew that with as little concern as they plunged the steel through the bread so they would drive it into an opponent. That also I witnessed far too often within a few days after the Commune began its operations.

The insurgents aimed at a big prize at the outset, and that was the Bank of France. They wanted, I suppose, to get gold and silver; but the treasure of the bank was closely guarded. The war had made the keepers of it cunning and resourceful, and when the Communists stormed and entered the building they discovered that they could not reach the money, because it was in the subterranean vaults, and the vaults had been flooded with the waters of the Seine. But if they could not loot the treasure-house they could at any rate wreak vengeance on the classes who, they supposed, were the cause of all their sufferings and the wrongdoers who had brought about the downfall of a proud nation. They attacked the magnificent Palace of the Tuileries and the splendid Hôtel de Ville, which was the town hall of Paris. The Palace they burnt to the ground, while the Hotel de Ville was reduced to ruins. Other splendid buildings shared the same fate, and it seemed as if the whole of Paris would fall to the flames.

And side by side with this terrible incendiarism came the fighting, which, for ferocity and horror, overshadowed, I think, even Gravelotte and the rest of the sanguinary pitched battles, because in those cases the combatants were natural enemies, while in Paris it was Frenchman against Frenchman—civil war of the most appalling type, men destroying their own flesh and blood and their own most cherished possessions. Even the most pitiless of the German leaders had refrained from doing that which was now accomplished by Parisians—they had spared the city itself.

It is impossible to tell you even a little of all that happened during that modern reign of terror in the capital. So many things were done, and they were done so quickly; but one of the most terrible and dramatic of all was what I may call the affair of the vaults of the Louvre.

The Communists, insurgents, mob—call them what you will—maddened with the mischief they had already done, marched towards the greatest museum in the world. They had heard that in the vast, mysterious cellars there was drink—wine in abundance—and being what they were they resolved to have it.

They hurried to the Louvre and demanded of the doorkeeper whom they saw that he should lead them to the wine. He was a man of the old school, calm and resourceful even in that extremity of danger, for no one knew better than he how impossible it was to reason with such a crowd. He assured them that they were mistaken, that there was no wine in the vaults, and that a journey downward would be in vain. They told him furiously that they knew better, that there was drink in abundance, and that they were determined to have it; further, they threatened that if he did not lead them to it they would bind him and drown him in the river. He knew his people, and he bade them follow him, so that he might show them that what he said was true.

The man led the insurgents—they numbered about three hundred men and women—down into the vaults where they believed the drink was stored, and they trooped madly after him, reminding him as they descended of the fate which awaited him if they were deceived or disappointed. He led them through three or four great iron doors or gates until they reached that by which the vaults were gained. Then he abruptly told them that he had forgotten the key and must return for it. They demurred, but at last agreed to let him go for it. And why not? Was he not completely in their power? He went quickly

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Some of those who entered carried fixed bayonets, on the points of which loaves were impaled.

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back to the first door, swiftly turned the lock upon them, did the same with the other doors, and then, with just as little mercy as they would have given to him, he opened sluices from the neighbouring river. The waters of the Seine gushed in, and the entire mob were drowned like rats in a hole.

It was terrible—yes, I agree with that, but it was right. I went through the reign of terror in Paris, and I say that it was right.

One day I made my way as far as the Chamber of Deputies, which is the French House of Commons. An enormous crowd had gathered, listening to a remarkable man, who was telling them that the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon had been unanimously decreed. That man was the famous Leon Gambetta. His words were as a spark to powder, and the people, men and women, wept for very enthusiasm

A man, inspired to madness by excitement, climbed up the railings which fronted the Chamber and began the "Marseillaise." Instantly there was a wild chorus of the infectious song, and I myself, Englishman though I was, joined in, and the tears streamed down my own cheeks. I was with the Communists, and I had become one of them, for the time being at any rate, in spite of myself.

Suddenly one of those solemn and mysterious hushes which affect great crowds fell upon us. The song died away, the frenzied cheers were silenced, and men and women lost their enthusiasm, and swung round as if at a word of command.

Marching towards us was a battalion of infantry of the line, with fixed bayonets; to our listening ears there came the sound of the steady tramp of feet. Few there were amongst us at that moment who did not think that these, the soldiers of the Government—the troops who did infinitely more harm to Paris than the Germans had done—were advancing to our destruction.

It was a terrible, an overwhelming crisis. What was to happen? Could we escape that fate which already had overtaken so many of the insurgents?

Three or four calm, dignified men from amongst us walked towards the head of the battalion to speak with the officer commanding it.

The battalion halted, and already there was a silence as if the rifles had been fired and the crowd had fallen to the earth.

Our representatives raised their hats, and the officer acknowledged their salute.

"Sir," said our spokesman, "what is it that you mean to do? Why are you advancing towards us?"

"My men," replied the officer, "are simply marching to the military barracks."

"But, sir," the spokesman said, "their bayonets are fixed!"

Instantly the officer turned to his men.

"Unfix bayonets!" he cried, and there was the rattle of the blades as they were replaced in their scabbards.

The effect upon the crowd was electrical. They saw that no harm was meant by the troops; but the officer was not satisfied. He wished to give further proof of his peaceful mission, and again he issued a command—this time that the rifles should be reversed; and then, with the muzzles pointing to the ground, the battalion of the line marched on.

There had been great enthusiasm before; but now the cheering was frantic, and again the "Marseillaise" swelled up in a mighty chorus.

The soldiers passed quickly from our view, with bayonets sheathed and arms reversed, yet it could so easily have happened that those very muzzles might now have been smoking and the blades dyed red.

One gets accustomed very soon to the horrors and commotion of a war—even a war in which magnificent buildings are destroyed as they were wrecked in Paris, and punishment inflicted with the merciless swiftness that marked the judgments of the time of the Commune.

Life and property alike had lost their value. I was living at that time in Rue Laugier, down at Ternes, and in the line of fire from the Government troops from Versailles. I used frequently to go to the fortifications to watch the bombardment and to dodge the shells and listen to the fighters and see how they carried on the grim trade of war. My family were away, as they had been for months, and in the house with me was a friend of mine, an English officer who had served in India. One morning, at about four o'clock, he appeared at my bedside.

"Hello!" I said. "What's the matter?"

"This," he answered, as a shell struck the building. "That's about the third—and I think it's time we went."

I thought so too; and when we had both dressed we left the house for the time being, and until the bombardment abated. But I believe that both of us took the thing quite as a matter of course, just because we had got used to it—and use is second nature.

I became an expert in the art of detecting the sound of a shell and instantly sprawling

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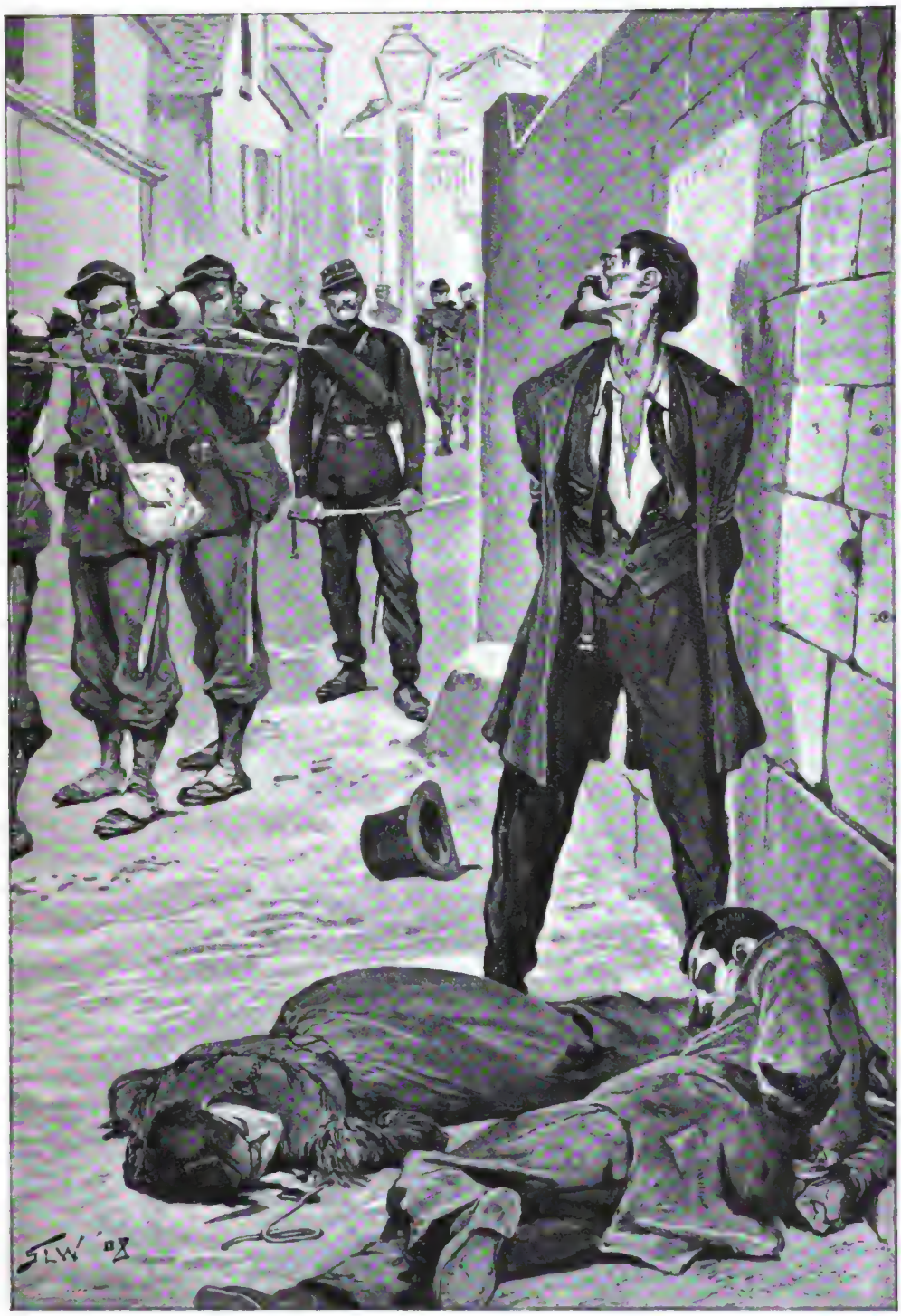

Men and women and children of all ages were shot without trial, or with only the semblance of one.

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on the ground to escape the shock of the explosion and the bursting fragments. But that was not always sure salvation, for sometimes a missile would fall on the prostrate bodies and blow them to pieces.

One night a friend of mine—not the officer—and myself were walking near my house while the bombardment was briskly going on. I am not vainglorious, I hope, in saying that I was little troubled by the danger, nor am I saying anything against my friend. We are differently constructed, we frail human beings; and my friend did not like, and never got to like, the screaming shells. He rigorously practised falling flat when we heard the warning hiss in the air.

We were talking more or less lightly when there was the sound just above our heads which bespoke the proximity of a shell. Instantly my friend was flat on the earth, and I ducked instinctively. But to my astonishment I heard no explosion. Before I could calmly think there was a repetition of the sound. I ducked again, and my companion continued prostrate.

Still there was no bursting, and I dashed up to the spot from which the sound had come, and there discovered, in the gloom, an elderly Frenchman just on the point of scaring us again—and scaring us by the ignoble performance of blowing his nose! He certainly produced a noise remarkably like the hissing of a shell; but my friend could never be brought to see the humour of the Frenchman's performance—and his own.

My friend really became a bundle of nerves over the bombardment. He was always on the look-out for evil, and occasionally it came very near him.

One Sunday morning we were walking in the Place Courcelles when a shell struck the top of a large stone house and toppled some fragments on to our hats. The open door of a courtyard was near us, and my friend instantly dashed into it. Instinctively he seemed to know his way to the cellar, and as he made a dash for the depths I saw two more flying, scared forms—girls about seventeen and nineteen, the daughters of the *concierge*. They also were rushing for refuge, and they did not stand upon the order or the appearance of their going. They simply went—and it was quite clear from their scanty attire that they had rushed straight from the dressing-table, where they were beautifying themselves.

I stood at the top of the stairs and called upon my friend to come forth into the light, but he preferred to stay where he was, and when I descended I found the three of them huddled together, regardless of etiquette. I do not think he even noticed that his companions were not dressed for callers.

This impulse to fly for refuge possessed my friend the officer, and one day he did a thing which made the two of us laugh in spite of the danger that threatened us. We were near the Arc de Triomphe, and the Government troops were shelling Paris again. We heard a shell—and we wanted to escape from it. There was no shelter near except a sentry-box, and into this frail refuge, before I could act at all, my friend bolted.

"How in the world do you suppose a bit of planking could protect you from a shell?" I asked, and he assured me that he could not tell, and did not think it would. "But it was there," he added, "inviting me to enter—and I accepted."

We laughed at the humour of it, and then picked up the fragments of the shell, but some, I remember, were too hot to hold. I kept mine for a long time, with other mementoes of the siege and the Commune, including a letter which was sent to me by balloon; but I have given away or lost all these treasures.

I used to be fascinated by watching the Communists and the Government troops. The insurgents did not wear uniform, of course, and some of them wore little of anything. Frequently they fought in their shirt sleeves, and they loved the fighting, too, like Irishmen. When blood is flowing I believe that Frenchmen of the lower classes would shoot their mothers and sisters to keep the stream supplied. I never saw worse specimens of humanity than some of the so-called patriots who thronged the streets of Paris during the reign of terror nearly forty years ago.

In one's recollection of a time like that of which I speak there must necessarily stand out some tragic incident which overshadows all else that has passed. Such a happening comes back to my memory now, and it is this.

I had arranged to call upon a friend of mine, a Scotchman. That was when the Government troops had taken Belleville and the Buttes Montmartre, and the National Guard had attempted to recover them. There had been a fight, but now the Regulars and the insurgents were hobnobbing and for the time being very friendly. But all this did not prevent the Communists from making prisoners of two French generals—Lecomte and Clément Thomas.

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I reached my friend's house and found him tremendously excited.

"What has happened?" I demanded.

He took me to the window and pointed to a neighbouring garden.

"There," he told me, "they have just shot Lecomte and Thomas. If you had been a few minutes earlier you would have seen the Communists do it—as I did."

I had missed the murder—execution—call it what you will, and was as thankful for it then as I am now. Yet I do not suppose that it could have affected me very greatly, for already I was hardened to the horrors of the siege and the reign of terror.

The Bloody Week is what we call the climax of the Commune—those appalling days towards the end of May when the insurgents were vanquished by the Government troops who swept on Paris from Versailles. It was not merely butchery—it was a holocaust. Men and women, and children of all ages were shot without trial, or with only the semblance of one.

No mercy was shown, no pity moved the hearts of the murderers. Even officials admitted that in something like four days at least seventeen thousand people were shot, but the total is nearer twenty thousand. Near the vast cemetery of Père Lachaise five thousand persons who were marked as Communists were made prisoners and hurried off to the gloomy gaol of La Roquette. That was on the last Sunday in the month—and by the Monday nearly two thousand of them had been massacred.

Women and children were amongst those who were propped up against walls and shot, and the same butchery was going on in other parts of Paris. The very cemeteries were glutted with the dead; in the streets the mutilated corpses were lying in heaps, some of them partially covered with quicklime; in several of the open places temporary burial-grounds had been made. When, later, these were emptied and the remains carted to deep trenches in the cemeteries, it was found that the Government troops had been too busy even to kill efficiently, for there was abundant evidence that some of the victims had been buried alive. There were too many bodies to bury, and heaps were saturated with petroleum in the forts and burnt.

Enough of horrors, do you say? Well, yes; but you cannot give a picture of the Commune without alluding to them—and I have not done more than hint and indicate. Even in the worst of the days, when the most beautiful of the buildings were destroyed or burning, and the streets were littered with the slain, some of the people in this wonderful city were amusing and enjoying themselves.

Look around you now.

We are talking in the very heart of the city, where the worst of the burning and wreckage and fighting took place, but you see no signs of the bloodshed and the suffering.

Time is merciful indeed, for it has softened them to a memory.

THREE WISHES.

I wish that I had always time
To live upon the azure deep;
The land recedes; the waves sublime
Around me leap.

I wish this vessel could be made,
As in the books, to smoothly glide;
Sensations strange make me afraid
To leave the side.

I wish the awful pains that now
Rack all my form from heel to head,
Might cease; I almost wish, I vow,
That I were dead.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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How the Pyjama Kids Made Friends with a Real Live Prince.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Some of the readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE will know the Pyjama Kids for old friends, and will remember the stories "Told By the Moon." in which they played the maddest, merriest pranks. The Moon, of course, only saw the Pyjama Kids by moonlight, and she knows little or nothing about the pranks they play in the sunlight. But the Sun knows all about them, and many a fine story he can tell.

Of course, old Father Sun knows a great deal more about what goes on on the earth than does Mother Moon, for the simple reason that the Sun shines by day and the Moon by night, and most things happen in the daytime. It was easy enough for Mother Moon to tell all she knew about the goings on of the Pyjama Kids; because she didn't know very much. But *I*, the Sun—I can tell any amount of stories about the Kids, and so my difficulty is to know where to begin.

And what pranks those Pyjama Kids do play, to be sure! Mischief! Why, there never were such kids for mischief as Bill and Lil—Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil, as they call themselves. Only the other day I watched them as they went out riding with their governess. There was a meet of the foxhounds near their home; nothing would do but they must go to it. The next thing was, they had run away from their governess, and were hunting themselves; and the next thing was——

But I may as well tell you that story as any; so I will begin at the beginning, and the beginning is Miss Minks.

Miss Minks, the governess, is rather nervous on horseback, or, I should say on cob-back, for she never rides anything more like a horse than a very fat, round, slow, meek and mild little cob. The Pyjama Kids ride on two little black Shetland ponies, and Miss Minks is always afraid that they will run away from her and leave her behind; and she is still more afraid that her cob will run away and take her with him. So when they fell in with the hounds, going to the meet at the Three Cross Roads, she grew very nervous.

"My dears," she said to the Pyjama Kids, "I think we had better go back."

"Miss Minks," said Laguna Lil, "I think it very likely that we shall see Mr. Wilks if we go to the meet."

I may as well tell you at once that Miss Minks holds Mr. Wilks in very high esteem, and he has just the same kind of feeling for her. Mr. Wilks, you must know, is a tutor, and some day Bill is to go to him, I hear, to be prepared for school. So Miss Minks and Mr. Wilks always have much to say to each other, if about Bill alone.

"Well," said Miss Minks at last, after a little more persuasion, "if you really want to go to the meet, I won't stand in your way."

So they pushed on to the Three Cross Roads. And when they arrived, the first man they met was Mr. Wilks.

"Ah, good-morning," cried he, delighted to see them. "So you have brought your charges to the meet, Miss Minks; and I have brought my charge, too;" and saying this, he waved his hand towards a handsome boy, a new pupil, who sat on a smart little pony

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beside him. The boy took off his hat, Bill took off his; Lil made a bow, and Mr. Wilks began talking in a low tone to Miss Minks.

Bill and Lil watched the people riding up to the meet It was a pretty sight; the hounds packed round the signpost in the middle of the cross-roads, the huntsmen in pink coats, my sunbeams shining brightly on brass buttons, steel spurs, and the glossy sides of the horses. Suddenly Bill spied someone whom he knew, and, standing up in his stirrups, frantically waved his whip to attract attention. And a big, jolly, fat man, on a great grey hunter, came pushing through the crowd towards them.

It was their Uncle George, who for the hunting season always came to live in an old farmhouse not far from their home.

"Hullo! hullo!" cried Uncle George in his hearty way. "Hullo, Bill! Hullo, Lil! What, Miss Minks!—have you brought the Pyjama Kids hunting? Well, well!" exclaimed Uncle George, "'pon my word, wonders will never cease!"

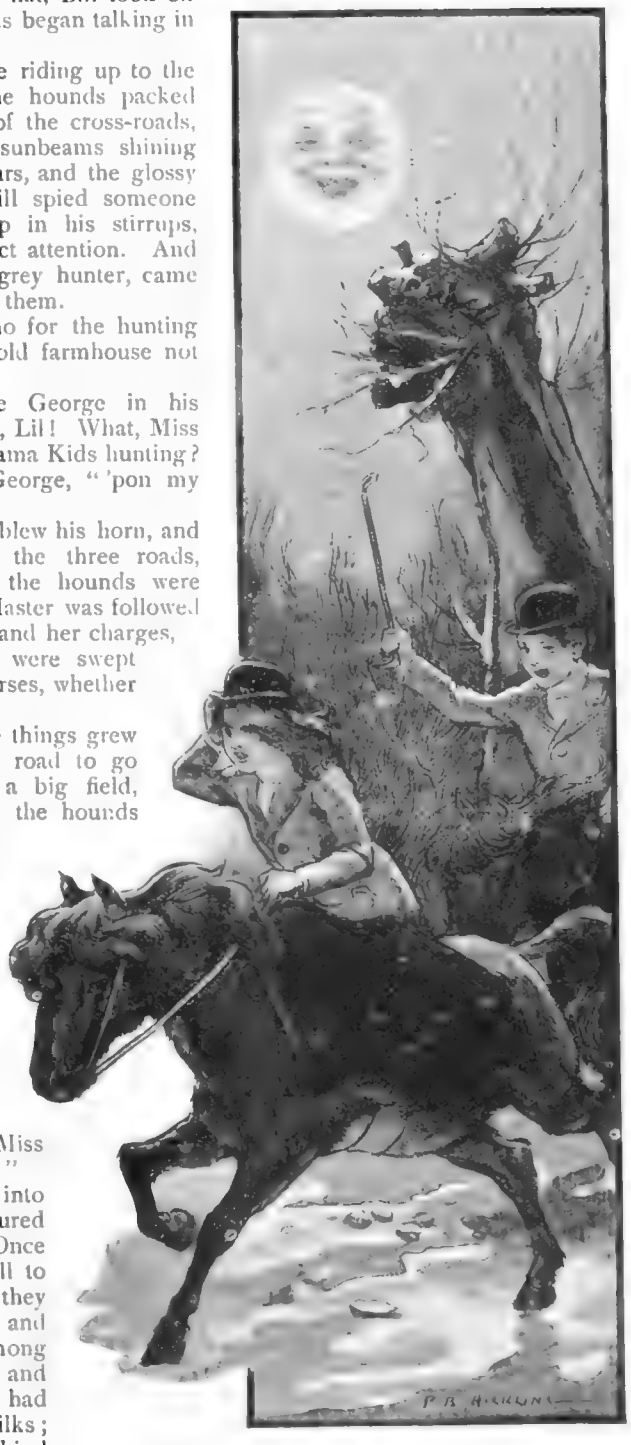
At this moment the huntsman blew his horn, and began to trot off down one of the three roads, followed by the hounds. And the hounds were followed by the Master, and the Master was followed by everyone else, and Miss Minks and her charges, and Mr. Wilks and his charge, were swept along in the current of trotting horses, whether they would or no.

It was a very little while before things grew exciting. The hunt left the hard road to go down a grassy lane leading to a big field, beyond which was a wood. And the hounds had not gone fifty yards down the grassy lane before up got a fox under their very noses. Away went the fox, like an arrow from a bow; away went the hounds, full cry; away went the huntsman, and away went the Master, and away went everybody, helter-skelter down the grassy lane

"Tally ho!" cried Bill and Lil at the top of their voices, as they charged along.

"Whoa! whoa!" screamed Miss Minks. "Oh, whoa! Oh, whoa!"

Out from the lane fled the fox into the field; out from the lane poured the hunt like a river of horses. Once in the field, there was room for all to gallop as hard or as gently as they pleased, and some shot ahead, and some dropped behind; and among those who shot ahead were Bill and Lil and the handsome boy who had come to the meet with Mr. Wilks; and among those who dropped behind were Mr. Wilks and Miss Minks.



"Tally ho!" cried Bill and Lil at the top of their voices, as they charged along.

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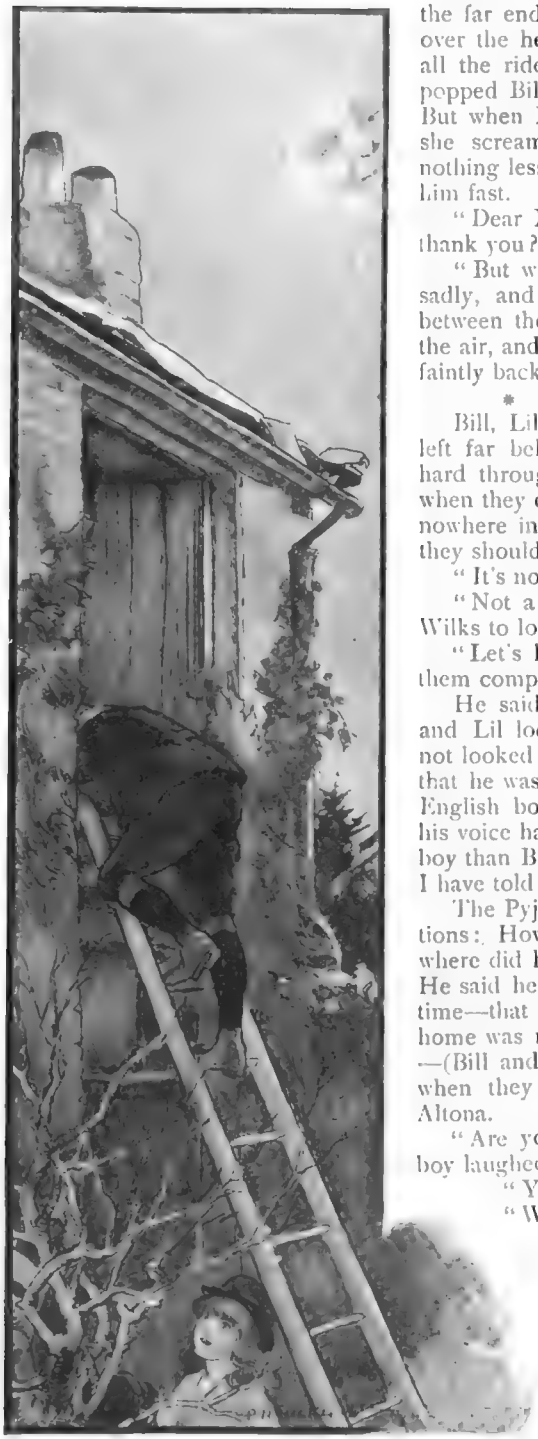

The Prince dismounted, and climbed up the ladder to peep into the loft.

Across the field flew the fox, and through the hedge at the far end; through the hedge flew the hounds, and over the hedge flew the huntsman and the Master and all the riders in the first flight; and over the hedge popped Bill and Lil, the handsome boy between them. But when Miss Minks saw the hedge in front of her, she screamed so loudly that Mr. Wilks could do nothing less than catch her cob by the bridle and hold him fast.

"Dear Mr. Wilks!" said Miss Minks, "how can I thank you? I feel you have saved my life!"

"But we have lost our charges," said Mr. Wilks sadly, and pointed to Bill and Lil, with his pupil between them, who at that moment were soaring into the air, and over the hedge. Their "Tally ho's" came faintly back to the ears of their guardians.

* * * * *

Bill, Lil, and the boy alongside them, were soon left far behind by the hounds. Though they rode hard through the wood for which the fox had headed, when they came out at the other side the hounds were nowhere in sight. So they pulled up to discuss what they should do next.

"It's no use going back to Miss Minks," said Bill.

"Not a bit," said Lil. "Besides, she's got Mr. Wilks to look after her."

"Let's hide," said the boy who had been keeping them company.

He said this in such a determined voice that Bill and Lil looked at him in astonishment. They had not looked at him very closely before. They now saw that he was not dressed and did not look quite like an English boy; and, though he spoke perfect English, his voice had a little foreign accent. He was a bigger boy than Bill—about a year older, I should say. And I have told you that he was handsome.

The Pyjama Kids began to ask him a lot of questions: How long had he been Mr. Wilks' pupil—where did he live when at home—what was his name? He said he had been staying with Mr. Wilks for some time—that he was going home quite soon—that his home was not in England, but abroad; and his name—(Bill and Lil opened their mouths in astonishment when they heard it)—his name was the Prince of Altona.

"Are you a real live prince?" said Lil; and the boy laughed.

"Yes," said he, "but I wish I were not."

"Why?" inquired the others, in one breath.

"Oh," said the boy, "because if you are a prince you are looked after so carefully. You never have a minute to yourself; you can never go out and enjoy yourself just as you please. But you always have to be on your best behaviour. That is why I want to run away and hide from Mr. Wilks just once before I leave him, and just enjoy myself. Do you know what I should like to do? I should like

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to be out till twelve o'clock to-night—all by myself—I should think it a great lark."

Bill and Lil thought if they were princes, and were never left to themselves, but were always looked after, it would be the very greatest lark to run away from their tutor, and hide, and stay out quite late at night.

"If you want to hide," said Bill, "I know the very place for you."

"Tell me," said the Prince eagerly. "Take me to it."

"I will," said Bill. "It's the loft of Uncle George's barn. Lil and I often go to hide there; and Miss Minks has never found us there yet. It's a fine place. There's a lot of straw and hay, and you could lie there all night if you pleased, and be as snug as a dormouse."

"Be so good as to take me there," said the Prince, in quite a princely style.

"Come on," said Bill; and off they all went.

They followed a footpath through the fields. The farmhouse where Uncle George always lived during the hunting season, was about a mile away, and it was in the grounds of the Pyjama Kids' own home, and quite close to it. When they arrived it was the dinner hour, and no one was about.

"Here is the barn," said Bill, "and this ladder outside leads to the loft. If you like to look at it, I'll hold your pony."

The Prince dismounted, and climbed up the ladder to peep into the loft.

"Oh," said he, "it's a fine place; I wouldn't mind staying here all the afternoon. But what about my pony?"

"We can put him in the barn," said Bill, "and he can have a feed of corn."

So they put the Prince's pony in the barn, and gave it a feed of corn.

"Now," said Bill, this done, "what about some food for yourself, Prince?"

The Prince admitted that he was very hungry.

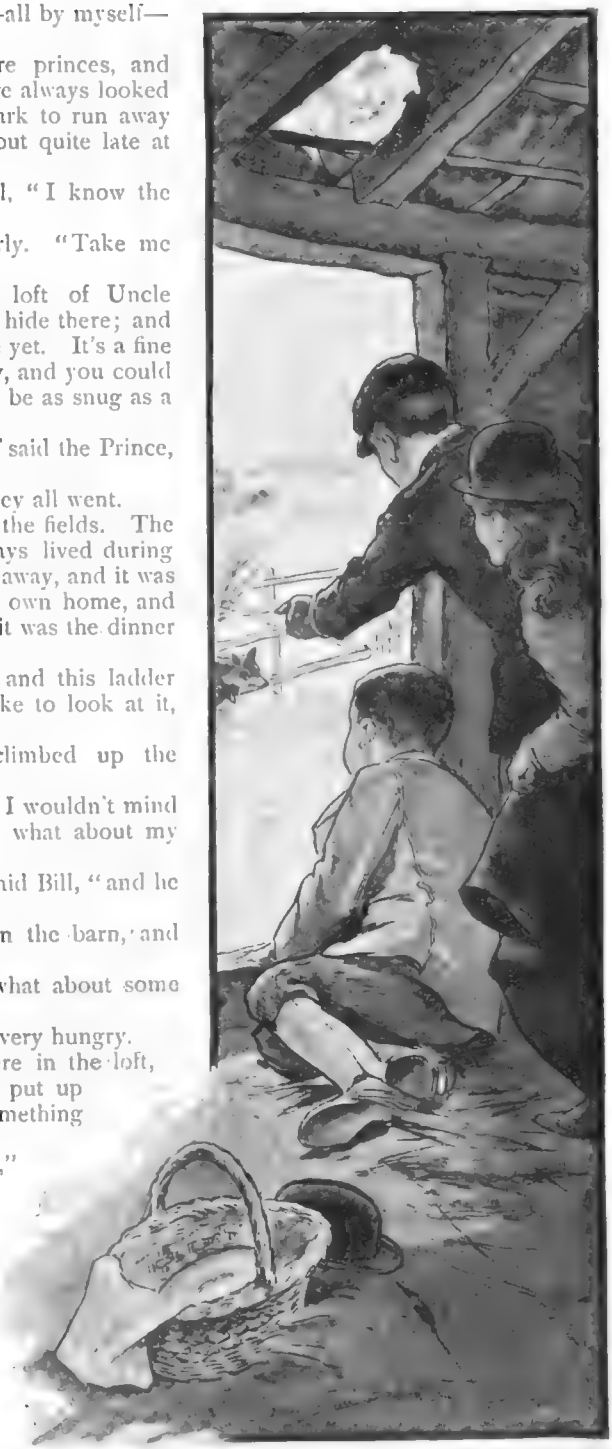
"Well," said Bill, "you stay here in the loft, and Lil and I will ride home, and put up our ponies, and bring you back something to eat and drink."

"Do you like ginger-beer, Prince," said Lil, "or lemonade?"

"Ginger-beer, if you please, if it's no trouble," said the Prince, in his grand way; and began to climb up the ladder to the loft, while Bill and Lil turned their ponies' heads and scurried homewards.

* * *

Now, there is no one in the world who knows a quicker way to the heart of the cook of the Pyjama Kids' mother than



"Hullo," exclaimed the Prince suddenly, pointing to the barnyard gate—"what's that? It's not a dog."

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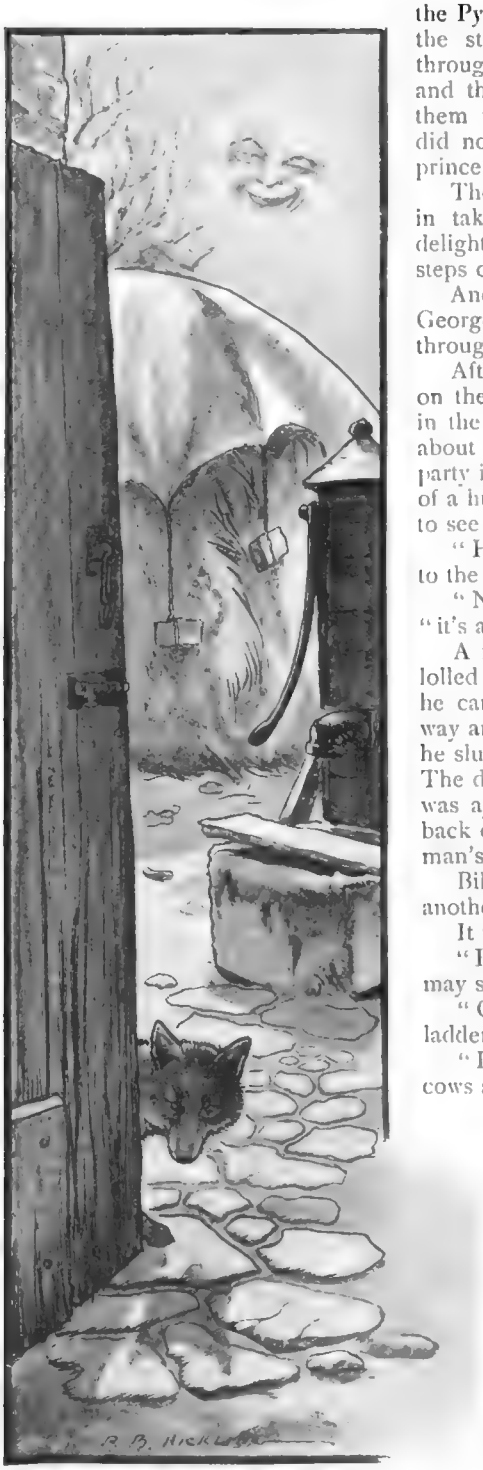

I saw the fox steal out of the barn and hasten away.

the Pyjama Kids. When they had left their ponies at the stables in charge of a stable-boy, they hurried through the back-door of the house into the kitchen, and the good old cook was soon persuaded to pack them up a basketful of nice things to eat. But she did not know she was packing pies and cakes for a prince to munch in a loft!

The basket packed, the Pyjama Kids lost no time in taking the feast to their new friend. He was delighted to see them again; and came down the steps of the ladder specially to help Lil to mount it.

And what a fine feast they had, up there in Uncle George's loft! It did my heart good to watch them through a hole in the roof.

Afterwards, they told stories to each other, sitting on the hay and the time passed very quickly. It was in the middle of a most exciting story of the Prince's, about hunting wild boars in German forests, that the party in the loft were suddenly disturbed by the sound of a huntsman's horn. They sprang to the loft door, to see if there were any signs of the hunt.

"Hullo," exclaimed the Prince suddenly, pointing to the barnyard gate—"what's that? It's not a dog."

"No," said Bill, as he saw what the Prince saw, "it's a fox—get back—not a sound!"

A fox it was—and a tired fox, too. His tongue lolled from his mouth, his brush drooped. Stealthily he came across the barnyard, looking cautiously this way and that. There was no one about to see him as he slunk across the yard, except the three in the loft. The door of the barn, wherein was the Prince's pony, was ajar. The fox came to it—looked in—looked back over his shoulder—heard a blast from the huntsman's horn—and crept through the doorway.

Bill, Lil, and the Prince of Altona looked into one another's eyes in speechless excitement.

It was Lil who spoke first.

"Bill," she said, "if we shut and lock the door we may save the poor fox's life."

"Good idea," said Bill; and, slipping down the ladder, he slammed to the door, and bolted it fast.

"Look out," cried Lil at this moment—"the cows are coming!"

Bill had barely time to scramble back up the ladder into the loft before the yard was full of Uncle George's cows, which were being driven into the cowshed to be milked.

Now the huntsman's horn sounded again, this time nearer at hand.

"We shall have the hounds here again in a minute," said Bill. "Lie low, Prince."

The three of them lay flat on the floor so as to run no risk of being seen. The sound of the horn came nearer and nearer, and presently the hounds came into view, puzzling out the trail of the fox, a few fields off.

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"They are at fault," exclaimed Bill, after watching the movements of the hounds for some time, and seeing that they came along very slowly.

"Do you think," said the Prince—who, though he had never been fox-hunting before, yet knew a good deal about hunting—"do you think the cows can have stamped out the fox's scent?"

"Ah," said Bill, "I expect so."

There came a clatter of hoofs on the road outside the barnyard, and the Master of the Hounds rode up and looked round the yard, as though he half fancied he might see the fox hiding in some corner. While he was sitting still on his horse for a moment, puzzling over the problem of the fox's disappearance, he was approached by someone whose presence caused the Prince in the loft to duck his head suddenly.

"Don't breathe!" he whispered.

The newcomer was Mr. Wilks.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Wilks as he came up to the Master—(the Pyjama Kids and the Prince could hear him plainly)—"but do you happen to have seen my pupil anywhere about the country?"

"No, sir," said the Master, speaking rather sharply, for he was in a bad temper, as anyone could see. "Have you lost him?"

"Yes," sighed Mr. Wilks, looking round him sadly.

"Um," grunted the Master. "Well, I've lost my fox, and that's very annoying."

At this moment up rode Miss Minks.

"Oh, sir," said she, appealing to the Master in her turn, "pray, have you seen the children?"

"What!" exclaimed the Master. "Have you lost your pupils, too? No, ma'am, I've not seen 'em."

"Oh dear," said poor Miss Minks in great distress. "I did hope you might have noticed them."

The Master screwed an eye-glass into his eye, and glared first at Miss Minks, then at Mr. Wilks.

"You will excuse my mentioning the fact," he said, "but I'm looking out for foxes today, not cubs," and with this he touched his hat, and spurred his horse, and cantered out of the yard, just as Uncle George came cantering in.

"'Pon my word," he said, drawing up alongside the others, "where that fox has gone I can't imagine—unless he's hiding somewhere in here."

"Oh, Mr. George," cried Miss Minks, "do tell me if you've seen the children?"

"'Pon my word, I haven't," said Uncle George. "And to tell the truth, I never thought of them from the moment I saw them at the meet until now. Did they give you the slip, Miss Minks?"

"Yes," said she, "and what's more, Mr. Wilks has lost the Prince."

At this Uncle George shouted with laughter, and laughed so much that he nearly fell off his horse.

"I'll be bound," he said at last, "Bill and Lil have been leading the Prince into some fine mischief! But never you fear, Miss Minks, the kids will come to no harm—they'll look after themselves, and they'll look after the Prince, too, Mr. Wilks, 'pon my word they will. Let's all go indoors and get something to eat."

Uncle George was suiting the action to the word, when a sound from his barn made him swing round in his saddle in surprise. It was the sound of neighing.

"'Pon my word!" said Uncle George. "There's a horse shut up in the barn!"

The Prince's pony, impatient at being cooped up in the dark when huntsmen's horns were blowing and other horses were about, now began to neigh loud and long.

Up in the loft above the barn, Bill, Lil, and the Prince looked hopelessly at each other.

"It's all up," said Bill.

"We may as well go down," said the Prince.

"We shall only look foolish if they find us here," said Lil, who was a very wise little girl.

Next minute they were on the ground, and the shriek of surprise and delight that Miss Minks gave, the exclamations of relief that came from Mr. Wilks, who leapt from his saddle to greet the Prince, and the chorus of "'Pon my words" that came from Uncle George's mouth, fairly made me laugh to hear.

But all the exclamations that arose when the children came down from the loft were as nothing to the exclamations of Uncle George when he heard that the fox had been shut up, along with the Prince's horse, in the barn. I really thought Uncle George would have had a fit when he heard that.

* * * * *

It was Lil's suggestion that the barn door should be left open while they all went indoors to have tea in Uncle George's house, so that the fox might get away, without being frightened, if it wanted to. A very little time after they had gone, I saw the fox steal out of the barn and hasten away—and if there was not a grin on his face, my name is not Father Sol.

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Summer Drinks

A Series of Opinions of Representative People on the Question: "What is the Best Summer Drink?"

MOST people have felt from time to time the terrible inadequacy of all drinks usually partaken of in the face of the thirst induced by a really hot summer day.

In order to help those who find a difficulty in discovering a really satisfactory beverage various people, eminent in different branches of sport, and in other directions, have been approached, and their opinions on the subject secured.

MADAME MELBA, the great prima donna, has, in common with all great singers, to take the greatest care of her voice and her health. Here is her reply to the question, "What do you find the best summer drink?"

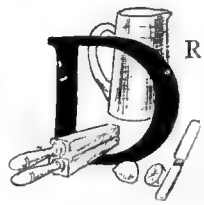
"I cannot name any special summer beverage, as I prefer plain water, and rarely drink anything between meal times."

Nellie Melba

COLONEL NEWNHAM DAVIS, the celebrated epicure, who has dined his way to fame in all places where particularly meritorious cookery is *en evidence*, writes:

"The best warm-weather drink I know is a wineglassful of French vermouth in a long tumbler full of very cold seltzer water."

H. Newnham Davis

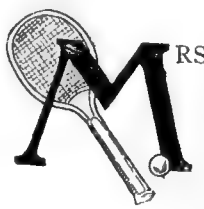


DR. SALEEBY, whose articles on various points connected with the preservation of good health are familiar to everyone, chooses an already popular beverage.

It has two great recommendations: first, that it is extremely easy to prepare, and, second, that it is cheap and within the reach of everyone.

"I think," he says, "the best summer drink is lemonade made with the juice of fresh lemons and sugar. This is eminently natural, and the acid, changed in the blood into simple alkaline salts, is of the greatest value."

C. W. Saleeby



MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS, better known as Miss D. K. Douglass, the English lady lawn-tennis champion, chooses that homely old drink barley-water.

No one should know better than a crack lawn-tennis player what to drink and what to refrain from drinking in order to satisfy the thirst that *will* come, and at the same time keep in the pink of condition.

"My favourite beverage in the hot summer months is barley-water, which is very refreshing and most wholesome. It is an ideal drink for athletes, and when carefully made is as enjoyable as it is beneficial."

D. K. Lambert Chambers

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MRS. LE BLOND, a lady who has won extensive fame as a mountaineer, gives advice briefly and to the point.

"In thirsty summer weather I recommend a hot drink, preferably tea."

E. Le Blond

MR. EUSTACE MILES, than whom none more distinguished as a racquets and tennis player, being also an authority on diet, writes enthusiastically on the subject:

"My favourite summer food-drink is my own special food (the E.M. proteid food) with water and some flavouring.

"It is now generally admitted that sour buttermilk is a capital aid to the digestion and general health of many people. It is certainly thirst-quenching and refreshing. Mixed with the above food it is also sustaining.

"If you could help to make it more popular and more generally procurable you would be doing good service."

Eustace Miles.

LET all the thirsty turn gratefully to a very useful suggestion from the manager of the Savoy Hotel, who writes:

"I have the pleasure to hand you herewith the receipt for our 'Savoy Cup' which is exceedingly popular among our patrons as a summer drink."

The receipt is as follows:

"Liebfraumich, 1897.
Seltzer water.
Maraschino.
Brandy.
Forbidden fruit liqueur.
A little raspberry syrup.

To be decorated amply with fruit in season, and also a sprig of Burridge or May Bloom."

Asked in what proportion all these good things should be mingled, the courteous manager replied in the politest manner possible to the effect that wild horses would not drag the information from him. "This," he objects, "is exactly where the art of the thing lies; and as the quantities and the mixing are our specialities, I am, to my great regret, obliged to refuse to part with the secret."

A. Kruger

ALL who have seen a wrestling bout will acknowledge that wrestling is thirsty work, and thus the dictum of Zbysco, the doughty Galician wrestler, must be listened to with respect.

"My favourite summer beverage is lemon and water slightly sweetened. I am also very fond of cool milk. Since I have been in England I have learnt to like your dry ginger ale."

Zbysco

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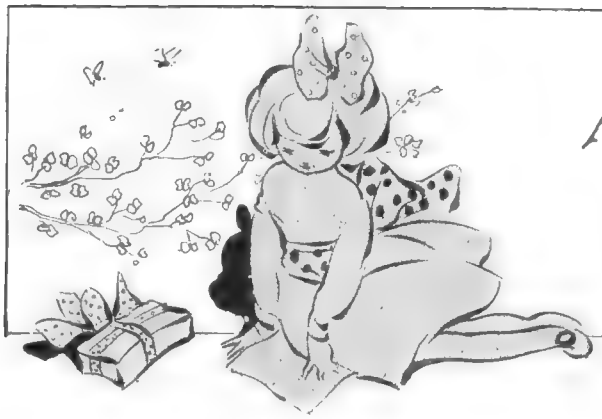


The Anonymous Gift

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HILDA COWHAM

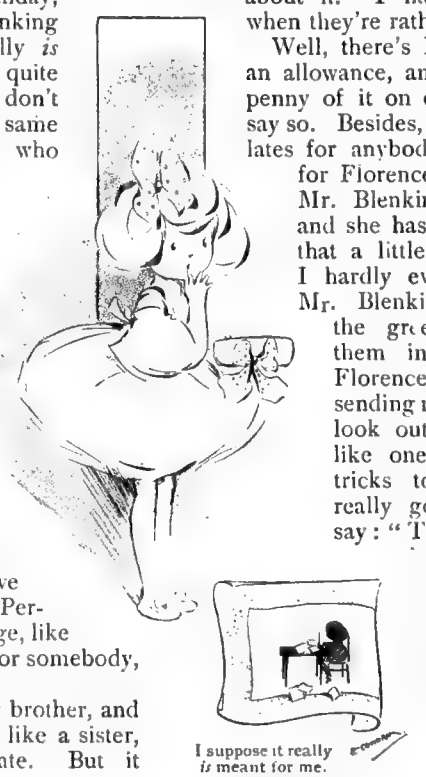
A Description of a Scheme for Getting Birthday Presents.

Behold me, Millie, aged (no, I will not give myself away), gazing with admiration and wonder upon a box of chocolates. I gazed with admiration because it was the biggest box of chocolates I ever saw; and with wonder because there was nothing whatever on the box to say who sent it. The fact is, it has arrived two days before my birthday, so somebody must have been thinking about me. I suppose it really *is* meant for me. The address is quite unmistakable, especially as I don't know any other person of the same name. I do wish they'd said who they are. I must think of everybody I know, and, of course, it must be one of them.

First, there's Aunt Sallie. I wouldn't suggest for a moment that she sent me anything. She wears spectacles on her nose and velvet dresses with lace weepers — that's what Bob says they are—and she has such strict notions, and always says "Little girls mustn't eat things that aren't good for them." She *might* have sent them. You never know. Perhaps she's repented in her old age, like Henry the Eighth or Cromwell, or somebody, and perhaps she hasn't.

Next there's Bob. He is my brother, and he likes me as a brother should like a sister, but it doesn't run to chocolate. But it *might*. Somebody may have tipped him half-a-crown, and he never told me a word about it —just like him, the nasty thing, never letting me into his secrets; we never have the good times together that we used to. And he may have sneaked out quietly to a shop and bought me these and never told me a word about it. I hate surprises, except when they're rather nice chocolates.

Well, there's Florence. She's got an allowance, and she spends every penny of it on dress—I heard papa say so. Besides, if she bought chocolates for anybody at all it would be for Florence. But she doesn't. Mr. Blenkinsop gives her lots, and she has the face to tell me that a little bird brought them. I hardly ever even *see* one of Mr. Blenkinsop's chocolates—the greedy thing stuffs at them in her bedroom. If Florence is going to start sending me presents I'd better look out. It would be just like one of her underhand tricks to wait till I have a really good time, and then say: "That's what you're like when I give you a nice present! That's all the gratitude you show! Well, we shall know better next time!" I'm sadly afraid she knows better already, but you can't be sure.



I suppose it really *is* meant for me.

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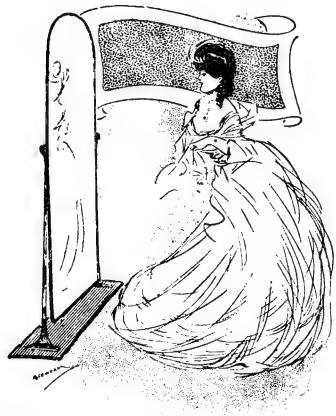
I wonder (excuse me while I bite a corner of my pinafore—no, I'll have a chocolate instead, thank you) if Jack Wilkins would send me a half-crown box of chocolates. He's got more pocket-money than Bob, but he doesn't like spending it nearly so much, not even to give me presents. I wonder if he's sorry he's been so mean and doesn't like to own it, and sent the chocolates without his name. I hope he's not going to be cowardly and ashamed of owning up.

I shan't speak to him again. When he comes with Bob, and wants to play Smugglers' Caves in the orchard, I shall treat him with quiet disdain, and say: "No *thank* you, Mr. Wilkins. *I* like to play smugglers with gentlemen who have a little moral courage and aren't ashamed to admit it when they find themselves in the wrong." And I won't give him any of my chocolates, even if he did send them, which I'm afraid he didn't.

Cook—I hadn't thought of cook. Sometimes when they're all against me she's the only one that loves me. If it wasn't for cook



Well, there's Florence. She's got an allowance, and she spends every penny of it on dress—I heard papa say so.

Frazer—I blacked her face with one of her own black-lead brushes one day.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

I should have gone away and got lost in the birch-wood, and gipsies would have found me, and I should have been rescued by a grand lady who didn't have any other children, and when I was grown up I would drive to the house in my grand carriage and say: "Mother, don't you know your own child? No, you are no longer mother of mine, you who wouldn't let me have cake for tea because I couldn't say the rivers of the South Coast of England. I am now in a happier land, where there *are* no rivers of the South Coast of England," and I would ask to see cook, because of the chocolates.

But suppose cook were to come out to the gate with her hands all over flour, looking so pleased at the grand lady, and then have to admit, after all, with tears in her eyes that she didn't send me any chocolates! Well, I shouldn't let her kiss me. I could only hope it wasn't true, and tell her that she'd be forgiven.

Frazer—I blacked her face with one of her own black-lead brushes one day, when she was doing the nursery grate. She got very cross and gave mother notice, and I had to say I was sorry. It was a fib, because I wasn't a bit sorry, she looked so funny with a great dab of black all over her nose and ear. But she ought to return good for evil, and perhaps she's turned over a new leaf, unless she's a nasty, vindictive thing and

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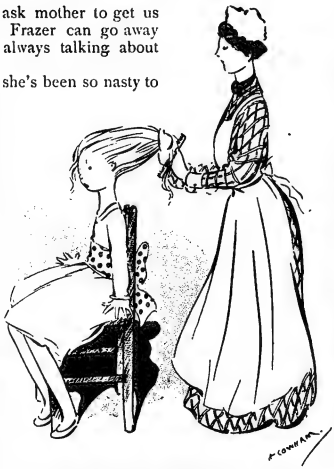
bears malice. I shall ask mother to get us a new housemaid, and Frazer can go away and leave us, as she's always talking about doing.

Then she'll be sorry she's been so nasty to Bob and me, and years afterwards she'll beg mother to let her come back to the dear children she had learnt to love better than her own. And Joe, the porter, will come with her tin box after the lamps are lit, and when it is put down in the hall with a clank she'll throw back the lid and show us it full of rows and rows and rows of chocolates for her dear Millie, who always liked them. She found out by sending her a box once upon a time without a word to show—does my dear little girl remember? P'r'aps, p'r'aps not.



Well, then there's nurse. She's the cruellest, hard-heartedest nurse we ever had, and combs my hair out by the roots.

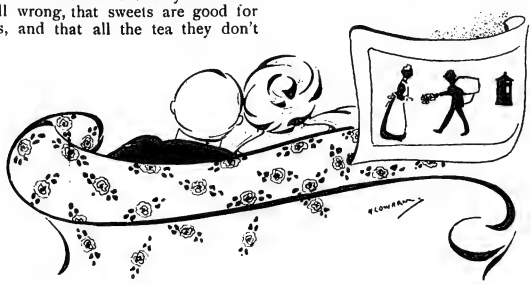
Well, then there's nurse. She's the cruellest, hard-heartedest nurse we ever had, and combs my hair out by the roots, and nearly pulls my ears off, and ties my things too tight and won't take them off again when there's ever so many pins sticking into me. Nurse thinks *all* sweets are bad for little girls—spoils their teeth, upsets them, makes their fingers and mouths sticky, and they don't want their tea because they have eaten too many.

I wonder if nurse has suddenly found out that it's all wrong, that sweets are good for little girls, and that all the tea they don't want can be sent to the poor little starving children in the East End, who never get any and are always so hungry that they cry.

They can have the tea and *I'll* have the sweets—no, they could have some of my sweets, and then I'd ask them to come to tea. They wouldn't ever have been in such a grand house, and nurse would wash their hands and faces and put them on clean pinafores, and I'd pour out. We'd have lots of nice cakes and buns like they'd seen through shop windows and never tasted, and afterwards we'd play games, and when they went I'd give them each a packet of chocolates which nurse had sent me, and I'd say to them like the king said to the soldier in history: "Your need is greater than mine."

Then they'd drop me a curtsey and say: "Good-bye, Gwendoline" (I should be called Gwendoline that day), and their mothers who came to fetch them would say: "Bless you, miss; may you be as good as you are beautiful."

Then nurse and I would finish the chocolates, and she'd say: "I sent you those



I can see them putting their heads together.

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because you are so good, and I like you better for what you did with them."

And I should answer: "Thank you, nurse. Father always said it's the impossible that happens."

Lastly, there are my parents. I am a dutiful child, and I wish I could unblushingly say I believed they'd sent me a half-crown box of chocolates. I can see them putting their heads together and saying: "That sweet child, Millie, has been so good that we must make her a little surprise. I've got a new frock ready for her, and a pretty sun-bonnet, but I should like to give her some extra little trifle to show her she hasn't been forgotten, so I thought a nice large box of chocolates, like they used to be when I was a girl"—and papa would say, "The very thing!" Then he'd slap his leg and go and buy the biggest he could get, and they'd send it to me together. But I fear they haven't.

Suppose I write and say "Thank you" to all of them —Aunt Sallie, Bob, Florence, cook, Frazer, nurse, papa, and mother! Then I'm bound to get the right one, unless the chocolates were sent by somebody I haven't mentioned.

What a spree! Those who hadn't sent them would look so silly. I should like to see their faces when they got the letters.

P.S.—I sent off all my letters yesterday. It all came out exactly as I had thought. This morning it was my birthday, and I had a perambulator and half-a-crown from papa, a doll (such a beauty) from mother, a thing with needles and cottons in it from Aunt Sallie (rather a waste of money, perhaps), a big box of writing-paper and envelopes from Florence, some more chocolates from Bob, with a letter to say that next time I want some I'd better say so straight out, a lovely pincushion all covered with shells from cook, a scrap-book with two scraps stuck in from Frazer, and *such* a lovely doll's sunshade from nurse. I got nothing from myself, because two days before I sent myself a half-crown box of chocolates. Wasn't it thoughtful of me?

CUPID'S FOE.

Little love Cupid, tell me, I pray,
Why don't you think of a new game to play?
Though hearts are your playthings, like all little boys,
You end very often by breaking your toys!

Who can be safe from the arrows that fly?
What is the armour that's proof to defy?
Poverty, riches, and age are no shield,
Even philosophers fall in the field.

Cupid draw near and I'll whisper it low,
Bend down your ear if a secret you'd know;
The reason your arrows can do me no hurt,
Is—I've no heart to hit—I am only a flirt!

Cecil Verne.

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BUILDERS IN THE SAND

A fine sand viaduct. Pieces of tin bent to the required shape are used to support the arches.

The Art of Building Sand Castles Explained.

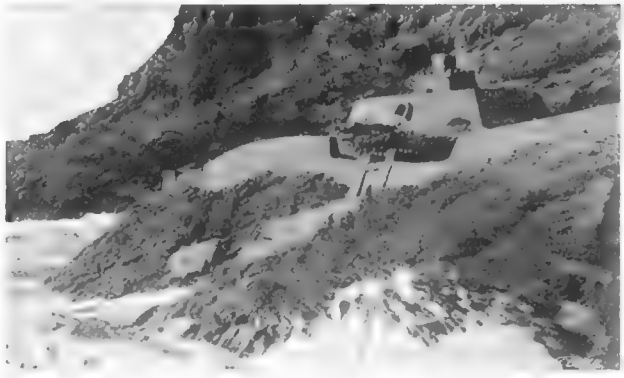
By W. Poynter Adams.

Author of "Castles in Sand, and How to Build Them."

I should be happy indeed were I able to persuade some of the multitudes of visitors to the seaside this year to cast aside convention and throw in their lot with the sand builders. I can assure them that they need not fear that the "art" is so simple that there is no call for skill—and nothing to be learnt; or, again, that it is an amusement suited to little tots alone. The possibilities of sand castle building are immense, and when a few little dodges in working in sand have been learnt there is no limit to what may be done. Some of the illustrations will show that it is possible to turn out work that no one need be too proud to acknowledge, and these represent the work only of beginners; far more elaborate work is possible, and will certainly be carried out ere long.

It was about ten years ago that the latent possibilities of sand work began to dawn upon me, but it is only during the last five that I have been able to devote a little of my time each summer holiday to experimental work, and every year that I have been able to practise has revealed some delightful development.

The photographs will help to illustrate this point. Note, for instance, the sheer walls of the castles; it is not generally known that sand walls will stand with vertical sides, and it is usual to see all sand castles built with walls having a substantial slope, which detracts very much from their appearance. Then, again, note the overhanging parapets on some of the work; who would have dreamt that damp sand would bind so well as to render these possible? Observe the tall column of the lighthouse



Polseath Castle, built on a foundation of rock. A party of ten people were responsible for this splendid piece of work.

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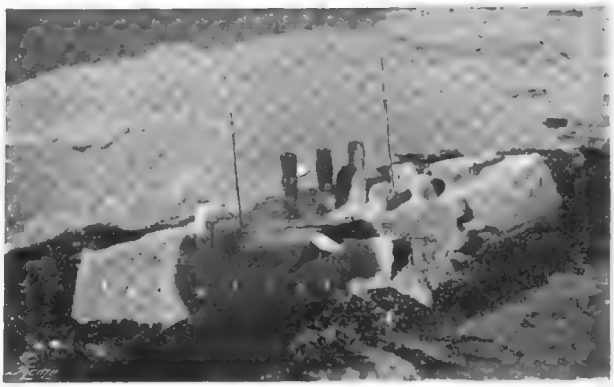
standing quite unsupported. I had not thought it possible to make such a structure until the way was shown by one of the boy competitors, who won a prize for a lighthouse in the competition arranged in connection with "Castles in Sand."

In undertaking work of the character of the lighthouse, the selection of the site is of some importance, and it should by preference be built on rock. Building sand castles on rock will probably be a novel idea to many, yet it is not only possible, but some of the finest and most realistic results can be obtained in this way. Look at the photograph of Polseath Castle. Here we have quite an extensive range of buildings, all built on a rocky bluff, the outer wall following the rise and fall of its surface. This rock formed an unusually good site, and behind the outer wall was a lake, which added much to the picturesqueness of the finished work. The building of this castle was the work of a party of ten—six young people and four of more mature age.



In a sand castle competition judged by Sir William White, the great naval engineer, this model of a disabled battleship was constructed out of compliment to the umpire.

An example showing the advantage of wetting the sand used in castle building. The rising tide has caused the castle to break up, but so firm is the sand that one tower has slipped bodily instead of crumbling.

When building on rock in this manner, the sand should be moist, in fact almost wet, and it is an advantage if the rock "foundations" are wetted before the heaping up of the sand is begun. The building and walls are roughly moulded first and then cut out with spades and special tools made of wood somewhat in the shape of a knife.

Whether building on rock or on sand, the great secret of success is the use of damp sand. Few who have had any experience in sand work but will readily call to mind occasions when, after much careful labour bestowed on possibly a more than usually elaborate piece of work, the walls have suddenly cracked and fallen to pieces. This fault is almost invariably due to the sand being too dry, and the remedy is simple.

When first setting to work, the choice of site is important. The sand should be as pure and clean as possible, free from pebbles and

Though the task is seemingly impossible, a lofty edifice such as a lighthouse, can be built of sand. This one is built on rock, which adds to its stability.

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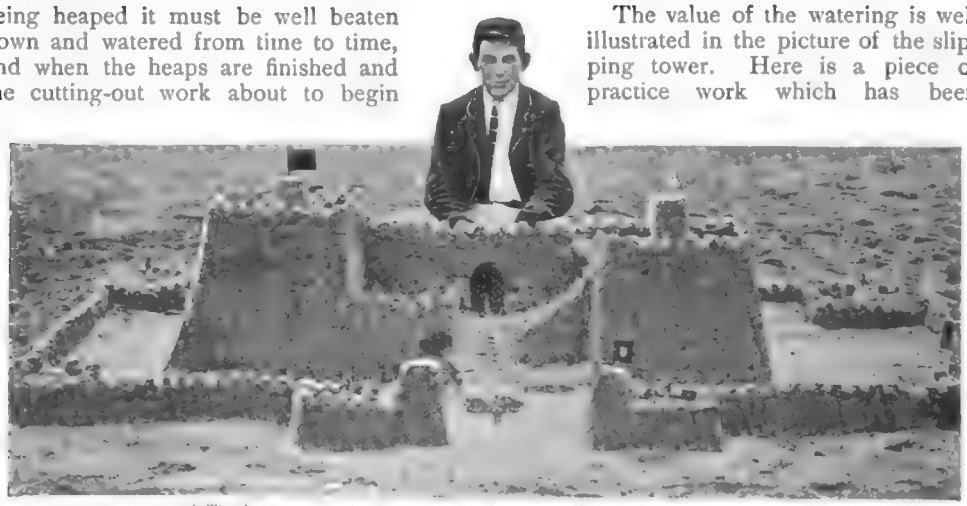
A magnificent model of a castle with moat and drawbridge, and the fatigue party that built it.

seaweed; it should be distinctly damp if not not wet; the site should be below high water mark, but not lower than can be helped, so as to allow sufficient time for the work to be finished before the rising tide advances to the attack; water should be available.

Another point to be borne in mind in selecting the site is that the castle should face the correct way so that the sun will fall upon it from the right direction when photographs are to be taken; it is disappointing after spending much time on a piece of work to find that the sun is behind it, and that the most imposing face is in shadow.

The site being carefully selected, the next thing to be done will be the piling of the sand in heaps having roughly the shape of the finished work. While the sand is being heaped it must be well beaten down and watered from time to time, and when the heaps are finished and the cutting-out work about to begin a final liberal watering should be given. A word of warning is, however, necessary lest the watering be done too freely. If too much water is used it will cause the sand to sink away at the foundations, and this is especially the case with work done on rock; on sand foundations a good deal of surplus water will soak away through the sand, but on rock the excess water has to run away over the surface of the rock and it readily carries with it the sand. As an illustration of this, I may mention that I had trouble with the lighthouse in this way, and five times the column collapsed before I succeeded, but then I was foolish enough to use the same sand over and over again; it would have been far better to start with fresh sand.

The value of the watering is well illustrated in the picture of the slipping tower. Here is a piece of practice work which has been



"The house—or rather castle—that Jack built," with Jack in residence.

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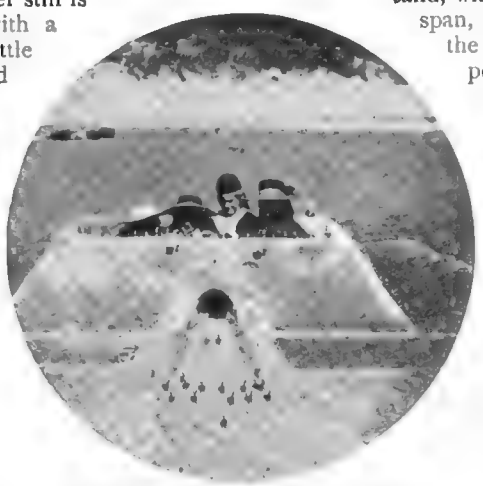
overtaken by the tide, the water has undermined the walls, and the inevitable collapse has taken place; however, one tower has slipped bodily down and forms an excellent imitation of a ruined castle. Had not the sand been watered in the manner I have suggested, it would not have held together as it has.

I have referred to the overhanging parapets to be seen in several of the illustrations. This is another effect rendered possible by the wetting of the sand. With loosely piled or dry sand such results could not be secured. The watering may be done by simply splashing it with the hand out of a bucket, but better still is a little watering-can with a rose. Some charming little cans may be purchased at most toy shops which suit admirably. Of course there must be no attempt to water the work after the cutting out has been done, or, at any rate, after the finishing touches have been put to the work, as it will cause the surface to become pitted where the drops fall and any finely-cut edges to run away.

To build a bridge in sand, with arches having a wide span, it is necessary that the arches should be supported; for this purpose tin is best, bent into a semicircle, and built into the sand as it is piled. It is essential, where several arches are to be made, as in the pictures, that the pieces of tin be carefully built in in a line, and with equal spaces between. With this class of work some foresight is necessary, and also careful planning.

Photo *J. M. Bathgate.*

A castle with a moat, and its creators.



Another fatigue party resting on its laurels.

A good object-lesson for the beginner. The sand is firm, well beaten together, and watered just enough. The result—triumphant success.

I have referred to the competition held in connection with "Castles in Sand." There have already been two of these, and both have been judged by Sir William White, the great naval engineer.

The ingenuity of the competitors was sometimes remarkable—notice the "Disabled Battleship." No doubt it was a covert compliment to the judge. When the tide swept in and undermined the work the sand worker was equal to the occasion, and sent in a photograph with a suitable inscription.

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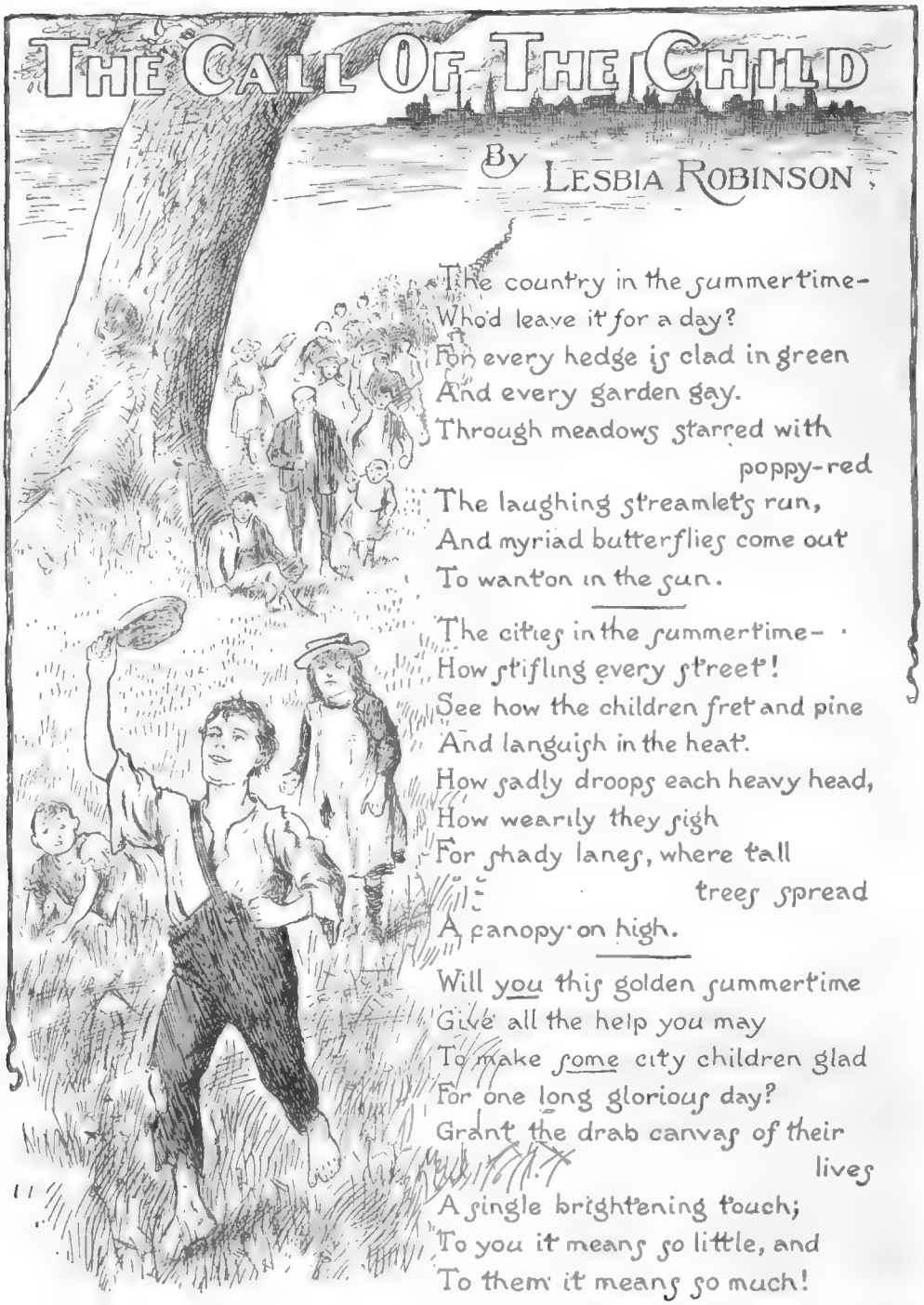
THE CALL OF THE CHILD

By LESBIA ROBINSON.



The country in the summertime—
Who'd leave it for a day?
For every hedge is clad in green
And every garden gay.
Through meadows starred with poppy-red
The laughing streamlet's run,
And myriad butterflies come out
To wanton in the sun.

The cities in the summertime—
How stifling every street!
See how the children fret and pine
And languish in the heat.
How sadly droops each heavy head,
How wearily they sigh
For shady lanes, where tall trees spread
A canopy on high.

Will you this golden summertime
Give all the help you may
To make some city children glad
For one long glorious day?
Grant the drab canvas of their lives
A single brightening touch;
To you it means so little, and
To them it means so much!

[The Fresh Air Fund hopes this year to send 200,000 city children into the country. Ninepence sends a child into the country for a day, £8 2s. sends a party of 200 children with the necessary attendants, and 10s. sends a child to the country for a fortnight. All working expenses are borne by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., the *Standard* Newspapers Ltd., the *Daily Exoress* Ltd., and the Ragged School Union. Subscriptions, which will be acknowledged in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, should be sent to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.]

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A LITTLE HOLIDAY

The Story of an Acquaintance's Perfidy.

By Brinsley Moore.

"It was the baby as prevoked 'im into it," said the landlord. "It was the fifth one as they 'ad, and 'e cried more than all the rest put together—hours at a stretch, especially in the night. Sam bore it patiently for three weeks; then 'e got tired of 'avin' no sleep.

"First, 'e suggested that they should put it out to nurse. But Mrs. Wardle said 'e was a un'uman father and a disgrace to 'is sect for preposin' such a thing.

"Then 'e began to say that work bein' slack 'e thought as it would be best if 'e took 'is 'ollerd'y now instead of waitin' till the summer. And the preposal was so well received that 'e reely thought it might be worked, till 'e discovered as Mrs. Wardle and the baby were expectin' to go along with 'im. So that had to be dropped.

"In the end, it was a strange man, as called 'imself Alfrid Robinson, wot put the reel idee in 'is 'ead. Sam, you see, was down in Milltown on bizness the second day of the Autumn Races, and towards evenin', at the Red Lion, 'e fell in with this Robinson. 'E seemed such a 'appy, easy sort of man that Sam took to 'im at once.

"'It's plain to see as you're not a married man yourself,' says Sam to 'im in the course o' conversation.

"'Wot makes you think that?' says Robinson.

"'Why, 'cos you're so light-'earted and free in your ways,' says Sam.

"'Then that's just where you make the mistake,' says Alfrid Robinson. 'Unless things 'as changed since I left 'ome for my 'ollerdy six weeks ago, I've a wife and three children as runs a very payin' little green-grocery up in Yorkshire.'

"'Six weeks' 'ollerdy!' says Sam. ''Ow-ever did you get off?'

"'Well,' says Robinson, 'I don't mind admittin' to *you* as it was a bother with the pleece. You see, the wife's a big notion of keepin' respectable and avoidin' scandal, and directly she 'ears of the rumpus, "Look 'ere," she says, "I'm not goin' to have my good name dragged through the pleece-courts. 'Ere's a couple of soverins for you to go off and 'ide under another name, and I'll send you your weekly expenses till this 'as blowed over." That's 'ow it is. And,' says Robinson, 'I can tell you from personal experience that 'idin' from the pleece on thirty bob a week, paid reg'ler, is an idee as beats work 'oller. In *my* judgment, it'll be a consid'rable time afore it'll be safe for me to go 'ome.'

"Sam was a good deal taken with that man and 'is view of things, and 'e stopped

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talkin' to 'im a long time. Before the evenin' was over Alfrid Robinson was pretty well acquainted with the state of things in Sam's 'ouse'old. 'E knew all about Mrs. Sam, and 'ow strict and pertic'ler she was. 'E was told about the five children, and wot a cryin' baby this last one was. 'E 'ad a full account of the muddle as Sam got into about 'is rent, and the consequint arrangement as Mrs. Wardle should manage everythink—takin' 'is weekly wages, and allowin' 'im a shillin' a fortnight for pocket-money.

"'I don't deny,' says Sam, 'as she 'as pulled things together. She's cleared off all the debts as was owin', and bought a 'Merican orgin for the eldest boy to play on, and a sight of furnichure for the front room—to say nothink of £30 as we've put by towards buyin' me a bizness. But it's a pore life for a man, mine is—to be under a woman's thumb, and to 'ave to go to 'er for ev'ry penny.'

"Alfrid Robinson was a good deal interested in that £30.

"'It's a nice convenient little amount,' 'e says, 'as would give you a very decent 'ollerdy. I don't 'old with 'oardin' up and gettin' miserly. Wot's money for, if you don't get no enj'yment out of it? I should dror it out, if I was you.'

"Then 'e went on to say as 'e quite took to Sam, owin' to 'is remindin' 'im so much of a brother wot 'ad died. 'E liked 'im so much that 'e even suggested as they should go off to London together.

"'It ain't a offer I should make to anyone,' 'e says. 'But if you like to dror out that £30, I don't mind takin' you and showin' you the way about.' And 'e pointed out as, after the 'ard life Sam 'ad bin livin', and the way 'e was kep' under at 'ome, it was a dooty as 'e owed to 'imself to get a bit of recreation.

"But Sam shook 'is 'ead. 'E said that, much as 'e should like it, it couldn't be done. Mrs. Wardle 'ad got the money, and she wouldn't listen to such a preposal.

"'It's a pity,' says Robinson, 'as you can't do as I did.'

"'Ow do you mean?' arst Sam.

"'Why,' says Robinson, 'assault the pleece, and 'ave to go away and 'ide. If your old lady is 'arf as respectable as you say, she'd give anythink to 'elp you to escape bein' arrested.'

"But Sam didn't like that idee at all.

"'You're a stranger about 'ere,' 'e says, 'and you don't know 'ow strict our pleecemen are. They'd run me in afore I could get away.'

"Alfrid Robinson stood and looked at 'im in surprise.

"'Why, you are a green 'un, you are!' 'e says. 'I ain't preposin' as you should reely do it—on'y as you should *say* you 'ave. . . . You go 'ome in great hagitation. "Maria," you say in 'aste, "I'm in desperit trouble. I've bashed in a constable's 'ead, and the pleece are after me. Give me that £30 to go and 'ide." And if I know anythink of respectable women,' says Robinson, 'that wife of yours, to avoid scandal, will fork out at once. Then all you 'ave to do is to come down to me, and we'll go off right away.'

"It looked so easy, put like that, that Robinson couldn't see why anybody should 'esertate about doin' it. But Sam still shook 'is 'ead.

"'You don't know Maria,' 'e said. 'She's got a eye as seems to read your thoughts. . . . And I never could act a part.'

"'Why,' says Robinson, 'all you 'ave to act is bein' terrified. And,' says 'e, 'from wot I've seen of you, I should 'ave thought as you'd do that easy. But still—don't be ruled by me, if you're afraid to try it.'

"Well, Sam got a good talkin' to when 'e turned in 'ome that night for bein' so late, and 'e was glad to eat up 'is supper pretty quick and get to bed, bein' tired with 'is long walk.

"Then the baby began. It was about eleven when 'e started, and it was at 'arf-past two, when Sam 'ad bin walkin' 'im up and down and jigglin' 'im about till 'e was thoroughly wore out, as the reckerlection of Alfrid Robinson's little 'ollerd'y suddinly came back and tempted 'im to do it.

"'E was so took up with it that, even when the baby 'ad quietened off, and 'e had got back to bed, 'e couldn't 'elp thinkin' of it; and 'e lay and turned about, tryin' to arrange conversations to work it out.

"'Bless the man!' says Mrs. Wardle about four o'clock. 'Why on earth can't you lie still and sleep?'

"'Maria,' says Sam, feelin' all at once as 'e could get over it best in the dark, and beginnin' to recite wot Robinson 'ad taught 'im—'I'm in great trouble. I've bin fightin' to-night with a constable down in Milltown and 'arf killed 'im. The pleece are after me,' 'e says, makin' the bed shiver, 'and as soon as it's light you must let me 'ave that thirty pound to go away and 'ide till this 'as blowed over!'

"Mrs. Wardle got up sighin' and lighted the candle.

"'I knowed 'ow it would be,' she says in

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a weary voice; 'I knowed 'ow it would be when I see you makin' such a 'earty supper. A man as bolts two 'elpins of toasted cheese must expect to 'ave bad dreams. Fightin' pleecemen, indeed!—as if you'd ever dare to do it. Why can't you dream somethink sensible? And if you *must* 'ave nightmare, I think as you might keep it to yourself, instead of robbin' me of my lawful rest.'

"Then she made 'im take a couple of pills, while she went down for some warm water and ginger, and 'ot bottles for 'is feet, and a mustard plaster for 'is stomach. And she was so reproachful in 'er remarks and so kind in 'er actions that Sam felt as 'e must let the matter stand over for the present, so as she could get 'er night's sleep.

"In the mornin' 'e tried to start the topic agen; but the only result was that 'e 'ad to take a dose of salts to clear 'is 'ead, and was sent off to work feelin' 'urt as 'e wasn't believed.

"'E didn't go to work. 'E went down to the 'ouse where Alfrid Robinson was lodgin', to complain as the preposal didn't answer. And 'e 'inted that 'e felt as 'e 'ad bin misled about it's bein' so easy.

"'Not a bit of it,' says Robinson, when 'e 'eard the story. 'It's you as 'ave bungled it. Common sense ought to 'ave told you as it's no good startin' a thing like that casual in the middle of the night. I'm afraid the game's up. You'd better let it drop.

"But the more Robinson talked like that, the more Sam was bent on it. You see, 'e'd bin buildin' on a spell of liberty with peaceful nights; and it was a 'ope 'e didn't like to let go without another try. 'E begged and prayed that Robinson, as a man of experience, would 'elp 'im with advice.

"'Couldn't I be guilty of somethink milder?' 'e says—'somethink as she'd reely feel a man like me might 'ave done?'

"Robinson said as that was the most sensible suggestion as Sam 'ad made yet, and began to arst 'im questions about 'is past life and 'abits. But the answers as 'e got seemed so unsatisfact'ry, that 'e soon confessed as 'e felt quite 'opeless agen about it.

"'Aven't you ever done nothink wrong?' 'e says at last, in despair.

"Sam mentioned apple-stealin' as a boy, and a bad shillin' as 'e 'ad once passed on a tram in the dark; but 'e couldn't call to mind nothink else. And Robinson didn't think 'e could run away for either of them things.

"'You look to me,' 'e says, after gazin' at Sam as if 'e was a natural curiosity, 'you look to me the sort of man as, if you *did* take to 'orse-racin', you'd be sure to lose.'

"Sam said as 'e couldn't say, never 'avin' tried.

"'Then you *would*,' says Robinson, very decided. 'And that's the line to go on. She knows as you've bin down 'ere a good deal this race-week, and as you've bin disturbed and wild in your manner; consequently she'll be arf prepared for it. Very well; since you've come to me for advice, 'ere it is. Take the next train to London, and go into lodgin's under the name of Brown. Then write to your wife from there, sayin' as you've bin bettin' and lost a lot o' money. Tell 'er as the man as won off you 'as set the pleece to ketch you, and you was obliged to flee. I should add a few words about bein' repentant, if I was you, and wishin' to avoid the scandal.'

"'But—" says Sam, interruptin' 'im.

"'Wait a bit,' says Robinson. 'I 'aven't done yet. I think, on the 'ole, as you'd better not ask too much at first—tell 'er as fifteen shillin' will enable you to 'ide for a considerable time. We can press for more when she's got used to the idee. Well, you see, she gets this letter to-morrer mornin'. Now you can't carry out this notion without 'elp; and 'ere I come in. I'm supposed to be the man as you've bin bettin' with. It isn't a pleasant thing to be mixed up in; but to get you out of your 'ole, I'm willin' to be accused of it. Well, to-morrer afternoon I goes up to your 'ouse. "Where's your scamp of a 'usband?" I says very fierce. "'E's owin' me a sight o' money," I tells her, "and I'll have the lor of 'im; I'm puttin' on the pleece to ketch 'im." Then, you see, she'll do anythink to keep you out of the way.'

"'But suppose she don't believe you?' says Sam.

"'I'm comin' to that,' says Robinson. 'You don't think as, after the mess you've made of it, it'll do to face 'er merely with words, do you? There must be proofs—I O U.'

"'Ow do you mean?' arst Sam.

"'I O U?' says Alfrid Robinson. 'Why, that's short for "I reely ought to have paid this, but not 'avin' the cash, I couldn't." Supposin' you *'ad* been bettin' and lost, it's wot I should make you write out. It's evidence as she'll reckernise at once.'

"So Robinson taught Sam 'ow to write out and sign four I O U's. There was a bit of discussion as to 'ow much should be put in them. Sam suggested five shillin'

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"It was late at night when 'e got in, and Mrs. Wardle was givin' the children their suppers."

each. But Alfrid Robinson laughed at the idee.

"'Wot?' 'e says. 'A woman like 'er to believe as you would run away for owin' a soverin? It's a good thing as you've got me to advise you, or you'd muddle it after all. Wot's the use of bein' timid and mean, when it's on'y a matter of a stroke of the pen? Do the thing thoroughly while you're at it, man. Frighten 'er with a good round sum.'

"And after considerin' Mrs. Wardle's respectability, and the £30, and the furnichure, and 'er mother's jew'l'ry as Sam told 'im about, Robinson decided as nothink less than £50 was calkilated to impress 'er. So Sam filled up the I O U's to add up together to that.

"'The beauty o' this little scheme,' says Alfrid Robinson smilin', as he put the I O U's in 'is pocket, 'is the simplicity of it. You'll 'ave nothink to do but write, and receive wotever she may send you—bein' out of the way, there's no risk of you muddlin' things agen. I'm on the spot to threaten 'er with the pleece, and to write afterwards to the same effect if ever she don't send you as much money as you want. And then, when you've 'ad your fling, and begin to feel 'ome-like agen—why, all we 'ave to do is to write to 'er and say as it 'as bin a mistake—that you're not reely the man as I was after, and apolergise for the errer.'

"Then 'e looked out Sam's train and took 'im to the station.

"So Sam went up to London to wait for 'im there. 'E found a decent little lodgin' in a back street in Camberwell, and 'e spent the afternoon writin' to 'is wife. It was a sorrowful letter as Alfrid Robinson 'ad drawed up for 'im to copy, sayin' as 'e 'ad bin very foolish in bettin', and 'ad bin obliged to run away to avoid arrest. 'E 'inted that if anyone called about 'im, she must be very perlite and agreein', as 'e was in the man's power and 'e would stand no nonsense. Then 'e dwelt on the disgrace if 'e was caught and put in prison, and said it was chiefly to spare 'er this scandal as 'e 'ad run

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away. The letter concluded with tellin' 'er that 'e was penniless in London, and implorin' 'er to send 'im fifteen shillin' to 'ide till the danger 'ad blowed over.

"It was three days afore 'e got Mrs. Wardle's answer. And when it came it was a telegraph.

"'Grieved at your conduct. Matter now settled. Come home at once.'

"That was all. And Sam couldn't make 'ead or tail of it, except as 'e gathered that in some way there was an 'itch. So 'e wrote off at once to Alfrid Robinson for pertic'lers, and to arst wot 'e ought to do now. 'E got no answer at all to that letter; and after waiting' sev'ral days, the woman 'e lodged with said as 'is week was up, and 'e must pay 'er or turn out. As 'e 'adn't a penny in 'is pocket, e' went and pawned 'is watch to settle with 'er. Then, not seein' any other way out of it, 'e spent the rest of the money on a railway ticket, and took the next train 'ome.

"It was late at night when 'e got in, and Mrs. Wardle was givin' the children their suppers. She didn't say much while they was present, though she looked very reproachful. But after she had put the last in bed, she made up for 'er silence.

"She'd got such a flow of languidge and poured it out so quick that for a long time Sam couldn't reely gather 'ow things stood—except as 'e was 'eld to be a wicked deceitful man wot 'ad brought ruin on 'is wife and innercent children by bettin' and gambolin'.

"'Well, Maria,' 'e says at last, 'I'm very sorry as I was led into it. It's taught me a lessin, and I won't do it agen.'

"'No; you'd better not!' she says sharply. 'If ever you do, you shall go to prison, and be ruined for life. It's the last time as I am goin' to pay your debts.'

"'Pay?' says Sam, openin' 'is eyes.

"'Ay, you may well stare,' says Mrs. Wardle. 'You might 'ave knocked me down with a feather when that domin'erin' man came and showed me in your own 'and-writin' as you owed 'im £50, and said 'e'd put in the bailiffs if I didn't pay up at once. It was fortunate for you as you'd got a careful wife, as could free you from the disgrace. But it's taken all the savin's of years, to say nothing of 'avin' to sell Billy's orgin and the noo furnichure.'

* * * * *

"'Well,' I said to Sam a day or two later, when 'e'd bin lookin' for Alfrid Robinson everywhere and couldn't find 'im, 'I 'ope as it will be a lessin to you, both agenst tryin' to deceive and mixin' in bad comp'ny. 'Ere you've lost your furnichure, your 'Merican orgin, and £30 in 'ard cash. And wot 'ave you got to show for it? A mis'rable week spent in a back street in London,' I said; 'the character at 'ome of bein' a better and gambler; and the knowlidge as you've been done all round. And moreover,' I said—just to show 'im 'ow foolish 'e'd bin—'from the legal point of view, you made a silly mistake; bettin' debts are not recov'rable at law, and your wife needn't 'ave paid it.'

"'But, you see,' 'e said, 'it wasn't reely a bettin' debt. Properly speakin', you know, it wasn't a actual debt at all—on'y pretendin'.'

"'Well,' I said—it bein' my motter always to own up when I don't know—'I can't say as to that; it 'ud be for the courts to decide.'"

"'Ay, you may well stare,' says Mrs. Wardle."

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His readers may have heads of grey,
Or tawny gold, or chestnut curly;
Yet one and all will go away
Some sunlit morning, bright and early,
Upon their summer holiday;
But not "Mr. X"—he doesn't have any.

Behold them sport and take their fill
Swimming amid the ocean's waters,
Or, on dry land a-sitting still,
Court other readers' lovely daughters,
Or scrutinise their boarding bill;
But not "Mr. X"—he doesn't have any.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards, will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. All readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"How to Win Five Shillings."

In the May ROYAL MAGAZINE "Mr. X" offered a prize of five shillings for the best message sent him before May 20th, made up of the letters of his name and address, *viz.*:

"'Mr. X,' THE ROYAL MAGAZINE,
Eighteen Henrietta Street, London."

Numerous readers having entered for this competition, "Mr. X" has pleasure in awarding the five shillings to—

Mr. J. Murray Wilson, Belvoil Station, Province of Quebec, Canada,

who cries breezily:

O hear the many zealots in Montreal extend their greeting!

"Mr. X" heartily reciprocates it.

Consolation prizes go to the senders of the following attempts:

Long to gaze on thee, "Mr. X," in reality.
Meet near the train shed.

Miss Walker, 3 Headfield Terrace, Savile Town, Dewsbury.

The subtly romantic nature of the trysting place recalls to "Mr. X" the days when he was young.

Oh, agree next time not to daze all here in this manner.—GERTY.

Miss Gertrude Joseph, P.O. Box 8, Quebec, Canada, who evidently found the task set by "Mr. X" a hard one.

"Mr. X"! Gaze tenderly on this note, e'en tho' nigh real tame it are.

Mrs. S. E. Killinder, Charleville, Co. Cork, Ireland, whose feelings refused to be fettered by ordinary rules of grammar.

The amazing gent, "Mr. X"! He really does entertain one. O hitter!

Miss W. R. Clark, 76 Tyrwhitt Road, St. John's, London, S.E.

"Mr. X" has seldom felt so proud as when his eyes lit on the words "O hitter." They more than reward him for years of toil.

Amazing art
E'en I do see;
Lighter my heart,
Not lorn, next thee.

Miss M. R. Bell, 77 Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.

Oh, Miss Bell!

That there "Mr. X" is a genteel one. Lazy? Tiring? No, dear me! Not he.

Miss M. Farmer, Blunham Rectory, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

"Mr. X" has never been called genteel before, and probably never will be again. But it is nice to have lived.

Ho! The gentle "Mr. X" is THE ROYAL MAGAZINE noted entertainer.

Mr. A. E. Saunders, Wymondley, Balcombe, Sussex.

"Mr. X" wishes to point out that, strictly speaking, it is not permissible in an anagram puzzle such as this one to take out solid bits of the original without rearranging the letters. It will be noticed that the prizewinner has avoided this fault.

A Friendly Warning.

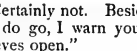
JOE: "Are you going to the Franco-British Exhibition to-morrow?"

JOHN: "Yes; why—do you want to come too?"

JOE: "Certainly not. Besides, I've been. But if you do go, I warn you, you'd better keep your eyes open."

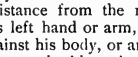
JOHN: "Why? I should like to see the man who'd——"

JOE (interrupting, kindly): "Because you won't see anything unless you do."



Speeding the Parting Guest.

IF you have a friend who is calling and refuses to go, ask him to take an ordinary box of safety matches in his left hand and, without assistance from the right hand, or pressing his left hand or arm, or any part of his arm, against his body, or any furniture or other support, and without letting go of the matchbox (this is to prevent his dropping it to get a fresh hold), to extract a match, strike it on the box, blow it out, and replace it in the box. Then laugh at him



How He Dit It.

JONES: "A man bought two fish in the fish market, and took home three. How did he manage it?"

BROWN: "Dunno."

JONES (severely): "It seems to me, Brown you are too lazy to think."

BROWN: "Go on; out with it!"

JONES (lamely): "He bought two mackerel and one smelt."

BROWN (gravely): "Did he!"

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"Mr. X" Has a Visitor.

Some days ago, "Mr. X" was sitting at his desk hard at work on a problem. Just as he had turned to his ready reckoner to see how much four times three make, a visitor was announced. "Show the gentleman in, Adolphus," said "Mr. X" to the office boy, smoothing his grey locks, and flicking a speck of dust off the picture of Napoleon which hangs over the fireplace.

In due course a fierce-looking man of learned appearance was shown in. He placed his gloves and hat on the floor, and took the indicated chair.

"'Mr. X,' I presume," he said savagely, looking at that gentleman in a contemptuous way.

"Why, yes," said "Mr. X," blandly, glancing round to see that the XII. century battle-axe which stands in a corner of his room was in its place, "and whom may I have the pleasure of——"

"Never mind," growled the stranger. He paused, and no one spoke. There was silence. Suddenly the stranger snapped:

"If there are sixteen men to a meat pie, what time is it?"

"Mr. X" pondered. Evidently the man wished to endanger his reputation. But "Mr. X" did not know the answer, because he had never heard the catch before.

"Er — really," he said at last, "er—really—"

"Huh?" snorted the stranger.

"Hang it," replied "Mr. X" irritably. "*I* don't know. Dinner-time, I suppose?"

The stranger rose. "If there are sixteen men to a meat pie," he said slowly and acidly, "it is a quarter to four." Then, taking his gloves and hat and "Mr. X's" umbrella (a valued present from the Editor of The Royal Magazine), the stranger departed, leaving nothing behind save a card. It was of the "done while you wait" variety, and bore the legend:

The YY Mr Y

Q. Why need no man sit starving?
A. He can always lie down and take a roll.

A Weighty Question.

Frederick: "Constance, dear, what would you fill an empty barrel with to make it lighter?"

Constance: "Don't be *silly*, Freddy."

Frederick: "Constance, darling, what would you fill an empty ——"

Constance: "Oh, *I* don't know."

Frederick (briefly and to the point): "Holes!"

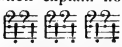
Q. Why did the signal-box?
A. To make the engine-tender.

The Acrobatic Card.

A bright and merry pastime is to bend a visiting card over at each end to the extent of about a sixteenth of an inch, and then, placing it on a smoothly-polished table, request a friend to blow at the card so that it turns upside down.

The friend will probably get quite red in the face and then not succeed. In any case, it is as well to arrange that the table is between you and him (or her).

If the performer blows so that his breath strikes the table about six inches from the card, the resultant blast rebounds from the table and rises up under the card so as to upset it. The arrows in the illustration explain how this occurs.



Q. What is the difference between a man looking up a ladder and a girl tripping up to her bedroom?
A. One is staring up steps, the other is stepping up stairs.

How Far?

"Yes," went on Richard, "and to get from Avonbridge to Woldinghampton I walked ten miles, and then a chap gave me a lift in his motor for a bit, and then I went twice as far by train. The whole distance was seventy miles. Now, Bill, how far did I go in that chap's motor?"

Bill couldn't do it. Can you?

ANSWER.

How far: 20 miles.

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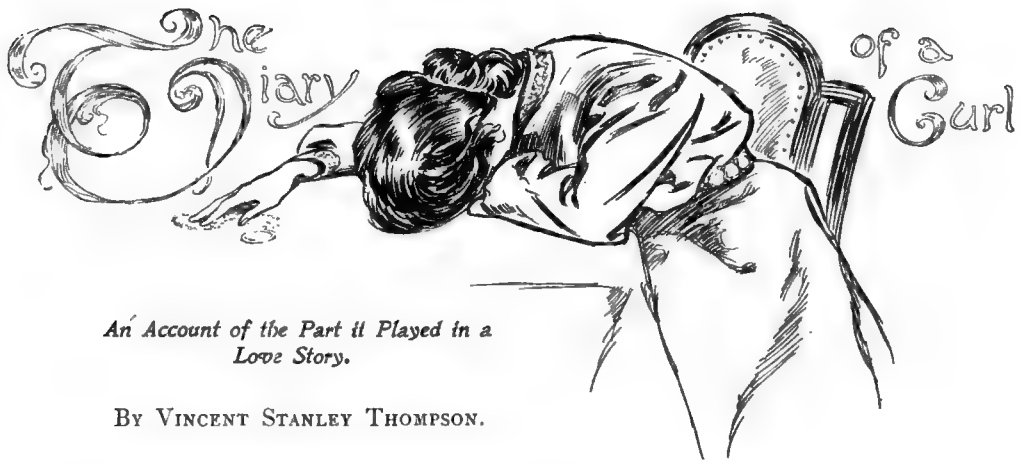

An Account of the Part it Played in a Love Story.

By Vincent Stanley Thompson.

May 16th.—I am glad I am not one of a crowd. Of course, it must be jolly to have someone to tell all one's secrets to, someone in whom to confide one's triumphs, someone to sympathise with—that is, someone like oneself. But, oh—I am glad I am not one of a crowd. For instance. When Richard (that's his name) says: "What a sweet little thing!" I *know* that he is referring to me. Whereas, if there were fifty of us, I should think—oh, it would be too terrible! Perhaps he might be referring to that forward little minx over her forehead. I am afraid I am of a fearfully jealous disposition.

May 29th.—It is such fun to see all the others go into curlers each night. The agonies they must endure! That is—if they have my sensitive nature. Why, if—by mistake, of course—if she put me in a curler for one night—only one night—I think I should never take pleasure in life again. It is not the cramped, unnatural position. But, oh, the degradation!

June 9th.—There was a dance to-night. We were very late home. Some of the one-night-only's (I always call them that) were very limp. I suppose it was the heat that made them so disagreeable. One said, as her turn came: "Why doesn't she put you into one?" "My dear girl," I replied, "I suppose you've never heard of painting the lily. I am *the real thing*." "So shall I be in the morning," said she with a coarse laugh. How can I make a companion of such a nature?

I think something has happened.

June 26th.—I think something has happened. I have not seen him for days. Neither has she. She seems losing her appetite, too. That's a bad sign. I believe she thinks he is neglecting her. I can sympathise with her. *I know* what it is to be neglected. *I know* what it is to be passed over day after day. Ah! Shall I ever forget the morning she discovered me? I must have been quite three weeks old at the time. Think of it! For twenty-one mornings I had been passed over. For twenty-one evenings—Oh, I cannot bear to think of the evenings. Twenty-one times I had told myself: "She *must* see me this morning." Then—one Tuesday—at twelve minutes past nine—it happened.

July 2nd.—It's all right. I must not say more than that. It's all right. He came to-day. He is going somewhere with his regiment. The Front is the name of the place, I think. It is a big place. Everybody is talking about it. But how upset she was when he told her! (I suppose there are lots of other girls there.) But afterwards she dried her tears, and he— If I were only to tell half I know. She has been laughing and crying, by turns, ever since. It is now nearly one o'clock.

July 4th.—I have been kissed. It was all over so quickly that I can scarcely explain the sensation. I only know I am immeasurably happy. Till to-day my life has been soulless, self-centred. But henceforth—

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July 6th.—It came quite suddenly. It did not hurt much. One snip—and then—Nirvana! I am now in a locket. We leave for The Front to-morrow.

July 20th.—To all intents and purposes I am dead—dead. Never shall I wave in the sunlight again. Never shall I twine lovingly round her finger. Yet something has come into my life that was not there before. I have found a greater calm. Nirvana! Every morning he opens my locket and kisses me.

If he should forget—once—

Aug. 20th.—We are at The Front. There are no motor-'buses, but it is very noisy. To-night they talk of fighting someone. He took me out of my locket just now and kissed me—four times. Perhaps his watch is wrong. (*Later*) Something has happened. There have been shouts and queer loud bangs. But now the noise is over. It is quiet, like a London square. There is only the tick-tick of his watch. He has not moved for so long. Perhaps he is thinking of her. It is cold. I think it is morning. And I am still waiting. No, he cannot have forgotten. I will not say it. It is very cold. . . . Now the tick-tick of his watch has died away.

He took me out of my locket just now.

Aug. 21st.—Someone has opened the locket—two or three of them—his friends. They are talking in low whispers—but I know.

"'Tisn't much—perhaps she would like it back, though—seems a trifle—poor old Dick!"

I think it was when the tick-tick of his watch died away.

"'Tisn't much—perhaps she would like it back, though — seems a trifle — poor old Dick!"

Yes, I think she would like to have it back.

Aug. 28th.—I am in a box, with lots of cotton wool.

Oct. 4th.—She is changed. She is older—years. When she first opened the locket—But she sees me often now, and is getting used to it. Morning and evening once—perhaps twice—she kisses me. Then I remember The Front, and the queer loud bangs, and the tick of his watch.

Sometimes—if she opens the locket very wide—I can see the others. They wave in the sunlight—as I did once. They toss and laugh in the wind, and get round her fingers when she tries to control them. They tell their secrets as they steal over her forehead—that is if they have secrets.

Sometimes, too, they go to dances (not so often as once, though), and stay out later than two.

Yet I am not jealous, because—because—Oh, I am glad I am not one of a crowd!

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THE RICH MAN'S HOLIDAY

How the Leisured Classes Spend the Summer.

By Lady Troubridge.

Every impecunious person has seen himself or herself rich in dreams, and has played with the thought of what they would do if money were absolutely no object. They have, perhaps, passed in review all the playgrounds of Europe, thinking how absolutely delightful it must be to change the scene of their surroundings at a moment's notice, to have nothing whatever to do but to take the map, choose the place they wish to go to, ring up Cook's Offices, make a few inquiries as to the best steamer and the most charming hotels, order an obsequious courier to be in attendance, and give orders for the maids and the valet to pack.

It sounds almost too blissful to be true, and yet there are thousands of people in England who can do just this; they have perfect liberty, huge bank balances, and the whole world is before them.

In my opinion, this is one of the most intoxicating pleasures of an ample purse, and the men and women with limited incomes may well sigh with envy of those who have the magic power of changing their surroundings at a moment's notice—of leaving London, with its everlasting turmoil, its unceasing din, its unending routine, this city which we all love so well, yet which we are so glad to leave when our nerves are worn out, and we are tired of both work and play.

It is enough to make impecunious people green with jealousy, for they have to think and consider for many weary days before their flitting once a year, balancing hotel bills against the discomfort of lodgings, and considering the cheapness of an inland farmhouse against the advantages of sea air for the children, until at last the move becomes quite tedious from the many domestic arguments which have preceded it, and the charm of the unexpected is entirely gone.

It is then very often that the first complaint drops from the lips of the weary housemother: "If it's going to be so much bother," she cries, "I wish we weren't going at all! Oh! how I do envy people who can just pack up and go wherever they choose; how I wish we were rich!"

Her husband, we may be sure, being already exasperated by the sudden calls upon

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his purse, will not fail to reprove her, and will point out, in the irritating manner of husbands, that she ought to be thankful to go anywhere at all, and that she would not be any happier if she were rich. We may be very sure that his arguments do not convince her, and that many times during the crowded and uncomfortable journey, with its endless wear and tear of watching both the children and the luggage, her thoughts will turn with envy to those favoured ones she will see strolling past her and stepping languidly into reserved carriages.

They need no magic carpet to transport them from place to place; a journey holds for them no weary bustle of organisation; they can exchange at a moment's notice the heavy-laden air of London in the winter, for the sparkling mixture of snow and sunshine, and the cool breezes blown straight to them from some Swiss glacier, or the soft, perfume-laden air of the south.

It may be interesting to consider what these fortunate people do with their opportunities, and how they spend those exquisite summer months when England, whatever we may say against her climate, does offer us a full measure of sunshine and roses. Well, some of their doings would slightly astonish the ordinary individual gifted with common-sense, and ignorant of the mysterious laws which govern Society.

He would wonder, for instance, why, at a given signal, its votaries leave their beautiful country houses just when these stately homes of England are looking their very best. For many months the rain and the wind have been holding high carnival there, yet now that the sun has gained the mastery, and is pouring in level rays over Italian gardens, great terraces, and silent green lawns, the people who own these princely palaces turn their backs on them with a shadow of regret, for the First of May has come, and with it the signal to rally together.

They hurry to the one place where only distant sights and sounds of the country are to be obtained—whiffs of lilac from the cut flowers in the drawing-room, wafts of sweetness from the trelliswork of roses on the staircase at a great London ball. This is all they know of the country from Monday till Saturday. Then, indeed, comes the week-end. Motors stand at the door, and tired and jaded with the fatigues of the week and the still greater fatigue of collecting a party together, they are whirled back to those dreamy palaces silently waiting in the sunshine.

Beautiful as they are, there is very little that is home-like in them: they are more like sumptuous private hotels.

Let no one imagine that this interval is one of rest. There may be a brief respite for church, but it is far more probable that the motors will be at the door again by ten o'clock on Sunday morning, and that the whole party will be rushed madly off some forty miles or so—a mere trifle in these days—to lunch with neighbours, so called, possibly living in an adjoining county.

The chances are ten to one that no one particularly wishes to go, yet who would dare own it? Who would be brave enough to hint that a morning in the library, or an afternoon dreaming by the lake, would be more to their taste? Should they be rash enough to say so, they would be looked upon, to quote their own vernacular, as "Too weird for words," for, to the followers of what a clever writer calls "The social fetish," any one who ventures to step aside from the beaten track is looked upon with doubt and suspicion. And one of the unwritten laws of Society is that we must all do the same thing at the same moment, and the wonderful part of it all is that no one has ever been able to discover who it is that originates these arbitrary laws.

A stringent one is the law of perpetual motion, which ordains that people shall be kept in a kind of busy idleness, as aimless as that of a kitten whirling round in giddy circles after her own tail; and yet they are always longing for some new sensation, some new place to go to, some new thing to do, yet it must first be hall-marked by one of themselves as being the proper place to go to, and the right thing to do, before they have the audacity to attempt it.

In nothing is this sheep-like propensity more evident than in their choice of after-season resorts, for immediately Goodwood becomes a thing of the past they carry their smart clothes—smart new ones, be it understood—and their bridge parties elsewhere.

Ostend and Dieppe still hold their own for gambling, amusement, and good food, three very important items. And Biarritz has come to the front with a rush. It boasts one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, with a great dining-room overlooking the sea and the waves rolling in from the Atlantic and breaking on the rocks in foamy surf. Here, in the season, nearly every well-known face in London is to be seen at one time or other, and here the large dinner-parties, which are such a feature of Society, take place.

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Each night, in turn, some member of the French and cosmopolitan set becomes hostess, and invites her friends. On these occasions it is very seldom that one sees the same gown worn twice, and the milliner who presides over the famous hat-shop at Biarritz could tell wonderful stories of creations in the head-gear line ordered at three o'clock to be worn at seven, for, be it understood that if the dinner is to be followed by a visit to the Casino, hats and low dresses, or, at all events, partially low, are worn, with glittering scarves thrown over the shoulders. This combination of dinner-gown and hat is a very becoming one indeed, so becoming that one wonders it has never been introduced over here.

Then, the dinner over, they will stroll into the brilliantly-lighted Casino, and pass into the gambling-room, where the habitual gambler will be already, presenting the same types which are invariably found in these foreign resorts. Our fashionable friends will not sit anywhere long. They will stroll about, with opera cloaks thrown over exquisite dresses, stopping by the man holding the bank, if he happens to be a friend of theirs, and cutting the cards for him, for luck. Or perhaps two of them will bank together, staking with apparent carelessness, and gathering up their winnings and moving away when the luck changes.

Not so with the men. They take the thing far more seriously, and a great deal of money changes hands before the pale light of dawn filters in at the windows.

Yet if the nights are passed in such unhealthy excitement, nothing can be more heathful than the mornings spent on the golf ground by the sea. Indeed, sometimes the whole day is passed there, and tea taken at the restaurant.

When not golfing, the rich are motoring, and one may pass the beauties of the night before without recognising them in the muffled figures hidden in long motor-coats, caps, and goggles. However, I hear that this year the latest caprice in millinery, the old-fashioned coal-scuttle bonnet, is gaining ground as a new motor hat. Certainly a fair face would look better framed in these than half hidden by a yachting cap, as at present worn.

Gay little Trouville and delightful Dinard run Biarritz hard in the way of attraction. This latter place, indeed, is somewhat unique, for it offers attractions not only to the rich but to those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence.

The season there is one of sustained and

If the dinner is to be followed by a visit to the Casino, hats and low dresses, or, at all events, partially low, are worn, with glittering scarves thrown over the shoulders. This combination of dinner-gown and hat is a very becoming one indeed.

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The delightful duchess may refuse to show herself properly neighbourly, and may perform the unpleasant process known as "keeping herself to herself."

irresponsible gaiety and merriment. The whole community and the visitors seem to be as happy and heedless as the French children romping on the broad white sands. It is highly cosmopolitan, and every nationality is represented, to say nothing of the well-groomed Englishman, looking as if the whole place belonged to him, and throwing down his gold pieces as though he were conferring a favour on the bank, which, indeed, he usually is, for he is almost invariably a loser.

It is impossible to help being amused by one's own countrymen abroad; their conceit is so delightful, although I am insular enough to like them better than anyone else. I think it is their ignorance that is so refreshing, and their certainty that no place is like home. As an illustration I must quote a remark made to me by a young man of my acquaintance, whom I encountered at Pau, where he had just arrived.

On my asking him how he liked the place, he replied tranquilly: "Oh, not bad, but I never did like these Italians!"

I forbore to irritate him by pointing out that he was in France, and not in Italy. Certainly geography is not too much insisted upon in our public schools.

To turn to those fashionable people who consider their children—and there are many

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such, in spite of what may be said to the contrary—their choice would probably fall upon Le Touquet or Paris-Plage, on account of the wonderful sands which are as renowned as our own at Bournemouth. Le Touquet, indeed, has become tremendously fashionable of late as a golfing centre, and a sudden vogue has sprung up for the Hague, originating perhaps in "Miss Hook of Holland."

Downtrodden wives, who have not yet taken in the doctrines of the supremacy of woman, and who leave the choice of where they shall go to their better half, will be dragged forthwith to North Berwick and to Cromer by golfing husbands, where they will probably write pages to those of their friends who are staying at more amusing places about the pure air and the life-giving breezes.

And now we come to the owners of yachts, and one can easily imagine what charming trips they can have. I am not speaking now of long voyages, for they would not be able to spare the time just at present, but what they would probably do after Cowes is to go west along the English coast, visiting the different spots where regattas take place, starting from Ryde and Cowes, and going as far as Falmouth; or again, in the same way, from Ostend round the French coast to Deauville and Trouville.

This I must own seems to me a truly delightful way of spending one's holiday; but then I am a good sailor, and the wives of many yachtsmen suffer from being the reverse. I heard of a woman once who was married to the owner of one of the finest yachts afloat, and was forced to make it practically her home, until it was discovered that the perpetual sea-sickness was undermining her health. She had a magnificent cabin, and the yacht was a floating palace of luxury; but what are these advantages when weighed against a feeling of perpetual nausea?

And speaking of yachting brings one quite easily to the subject of water cures at those German watering-places dedicated to the cure of all the evils attendant on good living.

At the close of the season hundreds of rich people, suffering from a plethora of good dinners, flock to Marienbad, Homburg, and Carlsbad in Germany, Royat and Contrexéville in France, and various other places in Austria and Bohemia. Each one offers different attractions, both social and medical, and the latter seem to have more weight with intending visitors than the former.

These are the happy hunting grounds of the snobbish, or perhaps it would be more kind to say the half-smart set. They find it singularly pleasant to discover that they have exactly the same class of ailment as the smartest person of their acquaintance; it promotes friendly conversation over glasses of sulphur water, and may lead to lifelong friendships; although, on the other hand, desperate quarrels are not seldom the result of so many persons of different sets being crowded together in a small compass. The delightful duchess may refuse to show herself properly neighbourly, and may perform the unpleasant process known as "keeping herself to herself," on which the snubbed ones will not improbably go home and say nasty things about her. It is all very petty, but it passes the time, and is part of the do-nothing life of the place.

Some of the rich find it too tame for them, but these are the adventurous spirits, for whom the world is hardly wide enough, and who dash off to India and Central America, intent on the sterner forms of sport; and their doings are outside the scope of this little article.

I am told that ballooning will be the new summer amusement this year, and it certainly has great possibilities—in the match-making line, for instance. It is impossible to chaperon a young lady who is literally up in the clouds with an eligible young man; and as we are told that in these high latitudes the air is very rarefied, and has the effect of champagne, the question is whether a ball-room proposal would be less binding than a balloon one.

Another delightful feature of this season is the wonderful dinners at the Garden Club of the Franco-British Exhibition, where the catering is undertaken by M. Paillard of Paris fame. This has very naturally caught on, for the cry is ever for something fresh, some new excitement; it does not matter what so long as it is a novel experience. And so the merry-go-round spins on, and the lookers on watch it with kindly interest and perhaps a touch of envy.

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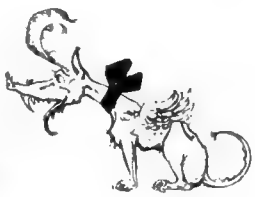
The Microbe.



A Scientific Story.

By Victor Bridges.

"Wot's a microbe, Sam?" inquired Bill Gerridge, putting down his pipe, and looking up from the paper which he had been laboriously reading for the last quarter of an hour.

"A microbe!" repeated Sam doubtfully. "Why a sort o' hinsect—ain't it, Mr. Parbury?"

"Well, it ain't exactly a insect," answered Mr. Parbury, with some deliberation. "More like a reptile, as yer might say. Somethin' arter the nature of a rat with wings."

"Kind o' bat?" put in Bill.

"You've got it," agreed Mr. Parbury. "Any'ow, they're dangerous beasts."

"'Ow's that?" asked Sam.

Mr. Parbury took a long pull at his pewter tankard, and then replaced it on the table. "Yer know wot a mad dog's like, don't yer?" he said impressively. "Well, yer can take it from me that a mad dog ain't in it with a microbe. Once a microbe gets a fair 'old on yer, ye're a goner an' no error."

"Why?" demanded Bill sceptically. "Wot do they do to yer?"

"Do to yer?" echoed Mr. Parbury. "Poisons yer! That's wot they do to yer. Each microbe's got some special disease of 'is own like, and 'e only 'as to get in one nip an' 'e can pass it on—see?"

"Why don't they muzzle 'em or stamp 'em out?" suggested Sam, who had a practical mind.

Mr. Parbury laughed scornfully. "Ah!" he said, "that would take a bit o' doin', that would. The only chaps wot understands the way to deal with microbes is doctors. They get so used to 'em they can 'andle 'em like terriers. Didn't I never tell yer that yarn o' 'Spikey' Joe's, 'bout the doctor wot were in the Scrubbs same time as 'e were?"

Sam shook his head, while Bill's naturally expressionless face betrayed no sign of recognition.

"Fancy my not 'avin' told yer that," said Mr. Parbury musingly. "Wonnerful interestin' story, too. If I weren't so uncommon dry, I'd tell it yer now."

Sam waited a moment or two to see if Bill were going to speak, and then remarked with a faint touch of resentment in his voice:

"Give it a name, Mr. Parbury."

Comfortably installed, with a fresh "bitter and Burton" at his elbow, Mr. Parbury began slowly to refill his pipe. "Yes," he repeated, nodding his head and smiling gently to himself, "it's a wonnerful interestin' story, that is. 'Spikey' Joe told it to me 'isself one night over at the Star and Anchor. Ye mind 'ow 'e got into trouble 'bout four years back, on account o' knockin' a copper over the 'ead?"

"It wasn't the 'ead," said Sam. "It was the stummick."

Mr. Parbury waved aside the objection as unimportant. "Well, any'ow 'e got two o'

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the best, for it, and it were while 'e were doin' 'is bit in the Scrubbs as 'e come across the doctor. 'E were a clever sort o' chap were this 'ere doctor, but some'ow 'e'd gone the pace a bit too 'ot, an' got 'isself in for forgery, see?

"They shoved 'im in the cell next to 'Spikey' Joe, the bloke wot 'ad been there previous 'avin' been took bad with the cholera, and sent off to the 'orspital. The fact were as 'e'd been bit by a microbe in 'is sleep, but o' course the warders didn't know nothin' about that, 'cause, 'aving been asleep at the time, 'e didn't know it 'isself. So, without meanin' no 'arm, they goes and shoves the doctor in there in 'is place.

"Well, one night this doctor were a settin' quiet on 'is plank bed, thinkin' 'ow nice it would be when 'is time were up, when all of a sudden out pops the microbe. 'E'd found out as there were someone fresh in the cell, an' it seemed to 'im that 'e might as well 'ave a bite at this cove same as t'other one. Course, 'e 'adn't no idea as 'ow it were a doctor, or 'e'd 'a' laid low. D'rectly 'e come out 'e sees 'is mistake, an' stops as if 'e were paralysed.

"'Stead o' jumpin' up an' gettin' flustered, same as you or me might do if we run across a microbe unexpected like, the doctor 'e just sits there an' smiles to 'isself. Ye see, 'e'd 'andled 'undreds of 'em in 'is time, an' knew wot to do.

"'Come 'ere,' 'e says, fixin' 'im stern-like with 'is eye, an' as soon as ever 'e spoke the microbe come to 'im as quiet as a lamb an' tremblin' all over. 'E saw as 'ow 'e'd met 'is master.

"Now the doctor were a soft-'earted sort o' chap, and 'e kind o' took to that microbe from the first. In about a week 'e'd made a reg'lar pet of it. When the warder wot brought 'im 'is dinner 'ad gone away an' shut the cell door, 'e'd give a gentle whistle, an' the microbe 'd come 'oppin' out of its 'ole as friendly as yer please. It used to climb up 'is leg an' sit on 'is knee while 'e 'ad 'is dinner, an' 'e'd always leave a little drop o' skilly for it at the bottom o' the bowl. When it 'ad lapped that up, 'e'd sit there an' scratch its 'ead, same as if it were a cat or a dog."

"Didn't it never 'ave a snap at 'im?" inquired Sam.

"Not it," retorted Mr. Parbury. "Why it were that contented an' 'appy that Joe used to 'ear it purrin' through the wall. If it 'adn't been for one o' the warders, there wouldn't never 'ave been no trouble at all. This 'ere warder—Jackson 'is name was—were wot they calls a Socialist. 'E 'ated the very sight of a nob, consekence o' which 'e were always 'avin' 'is knife into the doctor. One evenin' 'e was a goin' on 'is rounds when 'e 'eard the microbe purrin' inside the doctor's cell. So 'e kneels down, an' 'e 'as a squint through the peep-'ole. There 'e sees the doctor with the microbe on 'is knee, tryin' to teach it to sit up and beg.

"'Wotcher got there?' 'e says, openin' the door sudden, 'a rat?'

"'No,' says the doctor, without so much as lookin' up. 'It's a cholera microbe.'

"Bein' a hunedjicated sort o' bloke, the warder thought as 'ow 'e were bein' got at.

"'Ho! a cholera microbe, is 'e?' 'e says, very sarcastic. 'Well, per'aps when you've quite done with 'im, you'll be kind enough to 'and 'im over to me. We don't allow no pets in this 'ere prison. You'll be reported for this—that's wot you'll be.'

"'Don't get excited about it,' says the doctor, quite cool, 'or you'll bust your 'eart—that's wot you'll do.'

"'I'll teach yer to give me any o' your lip,' says the warder, steppin' forward an' liftin' up 'is 'and threatenin' like.

"Afore 'e could so much as wink, the microbe gives one 'orrid sort o' snarl, and springs straight at 'is throat like a blood'ound. 'E sees it comin', and flings up the other 'and to guard 'isself. 'E were on'y just in time, too, for the microbe's teeth come together with a snap wot took the top clean off 'is little finger."

"Wot! clean orf?" interrupted Bill incredulously.

"As clean as if it 'ad been cut with a knife," repeated Mr. Parbury firmly. "The warder 'e turns round with a yell o' terror an' makes a bolt for the door. As 'e slams it be'ind 'im 'e 'ears the doctor a-laughin' fit to die, an' tellin' the microbe to drop the bit of finger wot 'e 'ad in 'is mouth. 'E goes straight off to the 'ead warder as 'ard as ever 'e can lick. 'Look 'ere!' 'e says, 'oldin' up 'is finger, or rather wot were left of it.

"'Been cuttin' bread an' butter, Jackson?' says the 'ead warder, wot fancied 'isself as a wit.

"'No, I ain't,' says Jackson, a bit unpleasant like. (Bein' a Socialist, ye see, 'e 'adn't got much sense of humour.) 'It's that there microbe o' B 24's,' 'e adds, 'and afore I go near 'im again I'll see myself and the 'ole bloomin' prison busted, I will.'

"'Wot are yer talkin' about?' says the 'ead warder.

"Then Jackson 'e tells 'im all about 'ow it

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'appened, jest slippin' in a little bit 'ere an' there to make it more impressive like. 'Talk about tigers,' 'e finishes, 'why 'e come at me like a ragin' cyclone. If I 'adn't kep' cool an' landed 'im one on the snout, I b'lieve 'e'd 'a' tore my windpipe out.'

"'An' wot were B 24 a-doin' while the melly were in progress?' said the 'ead warder, takin' out 'is notebook.'

"While the wot were in progress?" interrupted Bill and Sam at the same moment.

Mr. Parbury looked at them pityingly. "That's Eytalian for scrap," he explained. "'Doin' of?' repeats Jackson, 'why, 'e were a-cheerin' of 'im on. I tells you they're 'and in glove together—that wot's they are — 'and in glove. If ye don't believe me come an' 'ave a look at 'em yourself.'

"'Ho! a cholera microbe, is 'e?' 'e says, very sarcastic. 'Well . . . we don't allow no pets in this 'ere prison.'"

"'Not me,' says the 'ead warder. 'I don't want no tops bitten orf my fingers. This 'ere's a case for the gov'nor, this is.'"

"So as soon as ever Jackson 'ad 'ad 'is 'and tied up proper, 'e and the 'ead warder goes along to the gov'nor's room. 'E were a retired colonel, were this 'ere gov'nor, an' 'Spikey' Joe says as 'ow 'is language were that 'ot at times as even the convicts useter shiver to 'ear it.

"'Well,' 'e says, when 'e sees the 'ead warder and Jackson, 'wot the blazes is up now? Can't I never 'ave no peace?'

"The 'ead warder 'e salutes. 'Beg pardon, sir,' 'e says, 'but Jackson 'ere's just lost the top of 'is little finger.'

"'Well, I 'aven't got the condemned thing,' shouts the gov'nor. 'Wot's the good o' comin' to me?'

"'It's a matter o' Gov'rnment property,' says the 'ead warder, 'an' accordin' to the reg'lations I 'as to account for its loss.'"

"'Account for it then,' says the gov'nor, 'an' don't stan' there like a couple o' blistered idjuts.'

"Then Jackson 'e ups an' tells 'is story again, makin' out this time as 'ow 'e'd fought that microbe for a matter o' ten minutes until the doctor 'ad begun clubbin' 'im over the 'ead from be'ind with a boot."

"'I'll soon put a stop to this sort o' thing,' says the gov'nor 'otly, as soon as 'e'd finished. 'I ain't goin' to 'ave none of 'Is Majesty's prisons bossed by no bloomin' microbe. You run along an' fetch 'em both 'ere, an' look sharp about it.'

"The 'ead warder 'e turns to the second warder. 'Jackson,' 'e says, 'go an' fetch B 24, an' see that 'e brings the microbe along with 'im.'

"The second warder shifts uneasy like from one foot to the other.

"Well, wot are ye waitin' for?' says the 'ead warder very fierce. 'Are yer afraid?'

"'I ain't afraid o' no convict,' says the second warder sulkily, 'but I don't fancy tacklin' this 'ere microbe again, an' that's straight.'"

"'You hear that, sir?' says the 'ead warder, turnin' to the gov'nor. 'E's a coward!'"

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"'Oh, well,' says the gov'nor, 'it's very nachural in a hunedjicated man. You fetch 'im yerself, Simpson.'"

"The 'ead warder turns a bit pale. 'Ave you thought, sir,' 'e says, 'as 'ow it may be dangerous bringin' of 'em in 'ere? 'E's a desperate character, this B 24, an' 'e might set the microbe at you, sir.'

"The gov'nor draws 'isself up proudly. 'A English orficer ain't afraid o' no darn microbe,' 'e says. 'You go along an' fetch 'im.'

"The second warder smiles.

"'An' you go with 'im,' says the gov'nor, 'an' 'urry up, the pair of yer.'

"The 'ead warder an' Jackson salutes, an' goes out o' the room lookin' about as 'appy as a pair 'o blokes a marchin' orf to the gallows.

"Just afore they gets to the door o' the cell, the 'ead warder lays 'is 'and on Jackson's shoulder. 'Jackson,' says 'e, 'one of us 'as got to open this 'ere door.'

"Jackson nods 'is 'ead, and puts 'is uninjured 'and into 'is pocket. 'That's so,' says 'e.

"'Jackson' says the 'ead warder again, an' 'is voice shook like a haspen tree, 'Jackson, I'm a married man.'

"'I knows that,' says Jackson softly. 'An' 'avin' seen your missus, I can understand 'ow it is you don't mind takin' a few risks.'

"'You ain't doin' yourself no good by bein' insolent,' says the 'ead warder 'otly. 'You go and open that there door, or you'll be losin' your job afore ye're many minutes older.'

"'Tain't my business to open the door,' says Jackson in a obstinate voice. 'You're the 'ead warder, an' you 'as a right to the post o' danger. Besides, maybe the microbe won't bite you. 'E looks a bit partikler.'

"The 'ead warder gets very red in the face an' breathes 'ard through 'is nose. 'If I 'ad you outside the prison, my lad,' 'e begins, an' then rememberin' 'is position 'e pulls hisself together, an' walks orf towards the door o' the cell.

"'E were that there riled that 'e as near as possible turned the key an' went in without realisin' wot 'e were playin' at. Jest as 'e 'ad 'is 'and on the door, 'owever, 'e suddenly come to 'is senses, an' I tells yer it give 'im a fair shiver all over to think 'ow near 'e'd been to doin' it. 'E bends down 'is 'ead an' listens, an' 'e 'ears the microbe a grindin' of 'is teeth an' the doctor tryin' to quiet 'im down.

"'B 24,' says 'e, rappin' at the door, an' tryin' to keep 'is voice steady.

"'I b'lieve I 'ave that honour,' says the doctor.

"'The gov'nor wishes to see yer imedjut.'

"'Ho! does 'e?' says the doctor, 'that shows 'is good taste.'

"The 'ead warder 'esitates a moment. 'If I opens this door,' says 'e, 'will yer promise to keep that there microbe o' yours from flyin' at me?'

"The doctor laughs 'earty. 'E won't touch yer if yer don't worry 'im,' 'e says. 'Just keep that lop-eared Jackson out o' the light, an' turn yer own face away, an' 'e'll be as quiet as a lamb, won't yer, old boy?'

"The microbe gives a kind o' snarl, much as to say as 'e weren't so sure about it.

"Seein' as 'ow the gov'nor were waitin', 'owever, and there weren't no 'elp for it, the 'ead warder turns the key an' pushes open the door o' the cell. Jackson 'e takes a couple o' 'asty steps down a side passage, an' out comes the doctor with the microbe a-sittin' on 'is shoulder. When 'e sees the 'ead warder 'e fair chatters with rage."

"Who does?" asks Sam, "the doctor?"

"No, the microbe, o' course," answered Mr. Parbury; "an' wot's more, if yer goes on interruptin' yer can finish the bloomin' story yerself."

"Don't mind old Sam, Mr. Parbury," put in Bill consolingly. "'E don't never get no chanst to open 'is mouth at 'ome, so 'e 'as to let a bit o' steam off when 'e's out."

Sam was just thinking hard of something unpleasant to say in return, when Mr. Parbury again took up the thread of his narrative.

"The doctor follows the 'ead warder along the passages to the gov'nor's room. Jackson comin' along slowly some ten yards be'ind. All the time the microbe kep' on grindin' of 'is teeth an' lickin' of 'is lips in a way that made the 'ead warder's 'eart jump up an' down like a piston rod. At last they reaches the gov'nor's room, an' the 'ead warder felt as if 'e'd got to 'Aven. 'E gives a couple o' quick knocks an' then steps 'astily aside.

"'Come in,' sings out the gov'nor.

"The doctor pushes open the door an' walks into the room. The 'ead warder an' Jackson follows be'ind tryin' to look as if they'd just let go of 'im. 'B 24, sir,' says the 'ead warder, salutin'; 'an' the microbe,' 'e adds as a kinder afterthought.

"The gov'nor was standin' by the window with one 'and under 'is coat.

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"Then, afore the gov'nor could get in a second squish, the microbe nips in and 'as 'im by the calf of the leg."

"'Ho!' says 'e, 'so you're the fellow wot's upsettin' o' my prison an' bitin' orf my warders' fingers—eh?'

"'Not guilty, colonel,' says the doctor, laughin' as cool an' friendly as if 'e'd just dropped in to 'ave a drink. 'It's our little friend, 'ere,' an' 'e pats the microbe's 'ead. 'I only 'ope 'e 'asn't poisoned 'isself,' 'e finishes, lookin' at Jackson.

"'Well, I can't 'ave it,' says the gov'nor. 'Warders are Gov'ment property an' as such I'm responsible for 'em to the 'Ome Secret'ry. Besides, it's against the reg'lations for prisoners to 'ave pets. Take it away from 'im, Simpson.'

"The 'ead warder goes very white, but 'e shuts 'is eyes for a second an' thinks of 'is pension, an' some'ow or other 'is courage come back to 'im. 'E takes one step forward, but as 'e does so, the microbe gives a angry kinder squeal an' leaps orf the doctor's shoulder straight at the gov'nor. The old man sees it comin', an' quick as a flash 'e whips out a squisher from under 'is coat."

"Wot's a squisher?" asked Bill.

"Why, one o' them bottles with a toobe an' a inja-rubber bulb. Ye see, bein' a hedjicated man, the gov'nor knew as 'ow there were only one way o' dealin' with a microbe an' that were kerbolic acid. One drop o' kerbolic acid will lay out the 'ealthiest microbe—stops 'is 'eart at once. So while the 'ead warder an' Jackson 'ad been out o' the room, 'e'd gone an' got a squisher an' filled it up with kerbolic acid in case of accidents. D'rectly 'e sees the microbe comin' for 'im, 'e whips it out an' lets drive. But the microbe were that cunnin' that when 'e sniffs the kerbolic acid 'e shuts 'is wings an' drops on the floor like a stone. The kerbolic acid goes over 'is 'ead an' as near as possible 'its Jackson in the eye. Then, afore the gov'nor could get in a second squish, the microbe nips in an' 'as 'im by the calf o' the leg.

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"It 'ad all 'appened so sudden like that the 'ead warder an' Jackson were fair took by surprise. D'rectly they sees the microbe catch 'old of the gov'nor, 'owever, they both dashes forward an' seizes the doctor. The gov'nor were 'oppin' round the room tryin' to get in a second shot with the squisher, an' cussin' an' swearin' something awful. 'Spikey' Joe says from the samples of 'is language as reached the cells it's a marvel the microbe didn't drop 'is jaw an' let go.

"'Call 'im orf—call 'im orf,' 'e shouts to the doctor.

"'Well, call *your* microbes orf,' says the doctor, alludin' rude like to Jackson and the 'ead warder.

"'Let go of 'im, you idjuts!' roars the gov'nor, 'oldin' on to the table an' tryin' to kick the microbe with 'is other foot.

"They drops the doctor's arms, an' 'e starts re-arrangin' the collar of 'is coat.

"''Urry up! 'Urry up, man!' yells the gov'nor.

"'All right,' says the doctor coolly. ''Ere—Cholera! Cholera!'

"As soon as 'e calls, the microbe, wot all the time 'ad been 'angin' on like grim death, lets go 'is grip, an' comes 'oppin' back to 'im, waggin' of 'is tail an' purrin' like anything."

"But why did 'e let go when the doctor says, 'Collar 'er?' objected Sam; "that would 'ave made 'im 'ang on all the 'arder."

"Not collar 'er, stupid," retorted Mr. Parbury impatiently; "cholera — see? Cholera microbe!'

"Ow! I see—'is name like."

"Jest so," assented Mr. Parbury. "Well, when Jackson an' the 'ead warder sees the microbe comin' back, they lets go the doctor an' runs to 'elp the gov'nor.

"'Don't come messin' about me,' yells the gov'nor. 'One of yer ketch 'old o' that ruffian, an' the other fetch the prison doctor.'

"''E's away for the day, sir,' says the 'ead warder. 'Shall I go outside and find another for yer? Jackson 'll 'old on to B 24.'

"''Tain't no use,' says the doctor, breakin' in with a 'orrid sorter laugh. ''E'll be too late. Ye'll both have the cholera in 'alf-an-hour unless I gives yer the hantydote.'"

"Wot's that?" demanded Sam.

"Kinder secret medicine," explained Mr. Parbury. "Jest like each microbe's got 'is special poison, so each poison's got 'is special hantydote. Bein', as I said afore, a hedjicated man, the gov'nor sees the force o' wot the doctor says.

"'Ye wouldn't murder us, man?' 'e says.

"'I ain't got no grudge against you,' answers the doctor. 'If ye promises me on yer word as a English orficer ye'll let me keep the microbe an' won't take no further notice o' this hincident, I'll save yer life.'

"'An' wot about me?' cries Jackson, as was already beginnin' to feel a bit un'appy like inside.

"'Oh, *you'll* 'ave to go through it.'

"Jackson busts out a-sobbin,' and the gov'nor draws 'isself up proud

"'A English orficer don't desert 'is subordinates,' 'e says. 'You must attend to 'im, too—after you've done me.'

"'Right y'are,' says the doctor; 'in that case you'll 'ave to put in a application to 'ave my sentence rejooced.'

"'I'll see you 'ung first,' shouts the gov'nor.

"The doctor shakes 'is 'ead. 'I may be 'ung,' says 'e, 'but you won't see it. You'll be in the morchury.'

"The gov'nor starts explainin' as a English orficer weren't afeared o' death, but the doctor cuts 'im short by pointin' out that every minute 'e were talkin' the cholera were gettin' a better grip on 'im.

"That settles it, and they all goes orf to the prison surgery—the 'ead warder 'elpin' Jackson, an' askin' 'im kind like whether there weren't no messages 'e could give for 'im after 'e was dead."

"Time, gentlemen, please—time!" The gruff voice of the landlord broke in rudely.

"That's always the way," remarked Bill bitterly, "jest as ye're gettin' interested in the conversation."

"But wot 'appened?" demanded Sam eagerly. "Did 'e cure 'em?"

"'E cured 'em right enough," replied Mr. Parbury. "Leastways 'e cured the gov'nor. Jackson 'ad a go o' cholera, but 'e managed to pull through."

"And did the gov'nor get 'is sentence rejooced?"

Mr. Parbury carefully finished the contents of his tankard and replaced it on the bar.

"Yes," he said, "'e were a orficer an' a gen'leman, an' 'e kep' 'is word. 'E told the 'Ome Secret'ry as 'ow 'e thought it weren't right on the grounds of 'ealth to keep the doctor in the prison. 'E didn't say 'oose 'ealth, so the 'Ome Secret'ry nachrily thought 'e meant the doctor, an' let 'im go."

"Now come along, gentlemen, *please*," repeated the landlord impatiently.

"Well," said Sam, as he rose slowly from his seat; "it's a wunnerful interestin' tale, as you say, Mr. Parbury, an' it jest shows as 'ow it pays to be kind to dumb hanimals."

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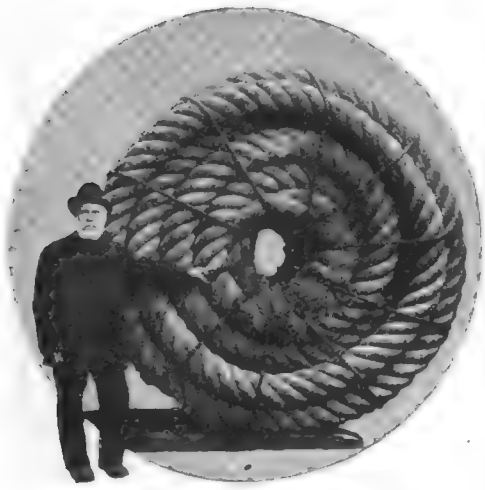

Rope used on board the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania*. The seaman is of average height.

RECORD ROPE.

NATURALLY big ships should have big ropes, and the cordage, or some of it at any rate, supplied to the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* is quite in keeping with the dimensions of those ocean giants.

Comparison with the aged seaman standing beside it will show what a mighty cable he is leaning against, for the man is of quite average height.

One does not like to think of a young apprentice being ordered by a tyrannical captain to coil down five hundred fathoms of this rope on pain of being keel-hauled or mast-headed.

It is even more painful to imagine the sensations of a naughty A. B. undergoing a rope's-ending from this substantial cordage.

But, fortunately, as we all know, tyrannical captains no longer exist, keel-hauling and mast-heading are anachronisms, and rope's-ending is ended.

So the young apprentices gazetted to the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* may gaze on the splendid ropes with which these vessels are equipped in admiration quite unmingled with awe.

Nevertheless, they may quite appropriately feel proud to reflect that, although they may come of seafaring families, their fathers never helped navigate such ships, and that such vessels as they were privileged to serve on could not boast rope equal to that in the illustration.

Yet even the young and vigorous might shrink from "manning the capstan" and winding in hundreds of fathoms of it.

Picture . . Paragraphs.

The Editor will Gladly Purchase Photographs Suitable for Use in These Pages. All Pictures should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

FIGHTING FIRE BELOW ZERO.

FIRE-FIGHTING is hard enough at all times, but occasionally in America the unfortunate fire-brigade is hampered by frost.

At the fire shown in the illustration, the cold was so intense that the water froze as it fell, and so the blazing building came literally to be iced. The resulting spectacle, after the extinction of the fire, was magnificent, but this was small compensation to the firemen.

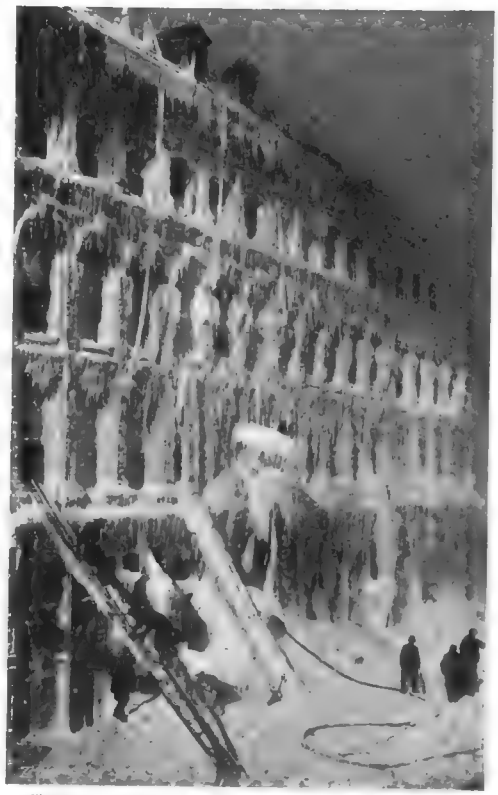

Photo *Scientific American.*

Fighting fire under difficulties at New York. The temperature was so low that the water poured on the burning building actually froze while it fell.

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Castle Ashby, the seat of the Marquess of Northampton, showing the east front. The building is remarkable for the texts formed by the battlement. That seen in this illustration reads: "*Nisi Dominus Ædificavit*," etc. (Except the Lord build the house.)

ONE OF THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire.

A most beautiful, and at the same time quaint building, in some respects, is the Marquess of Northampton's seat — Castle Ashby, near Northampton. The estate was purchased by Sir William Compton, in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir William was created Baron Compton, and his son was made Earl of Northampton. This Earl built the greater part of the present house.

Apart from the great beauty of the building, the part which most attracts the eye is the curious parapets, the stonework of which is pierced so as to spell the words of the verses: "*Nisi Dominus Ædificavit*," etc., or "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." And again: "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Even on the new parapets of the exquisite Italian gardens, added in 1865 by the third Marquess, this lettering has been continued. On these the lettering runs: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin," etc.

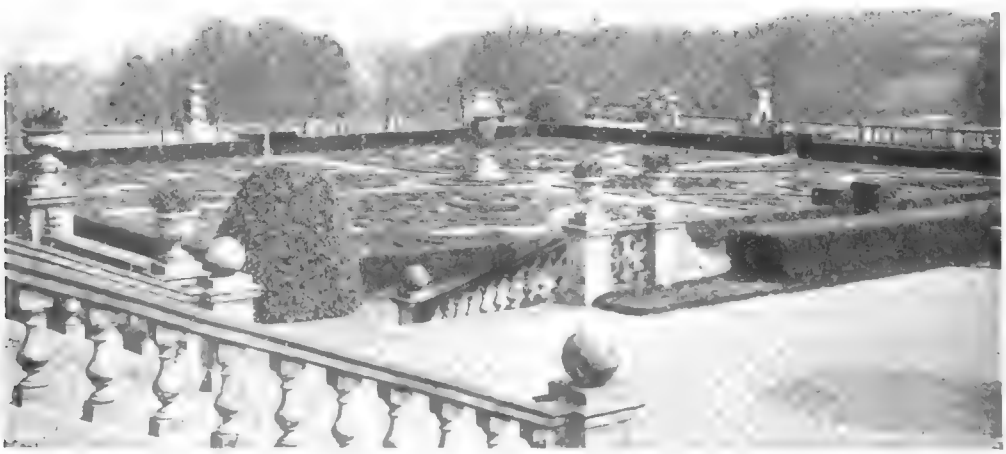

Photo *L. Willoughby*

On the parapets around the Italian gardens the lettering has been continued, and runs: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," etc.

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THE LATEST SAFETY RAZOR.

When asked: "What did you shave with?" few men can reply in the words of the youthful George Washington: "I did it with my little axe." But Mr. Harry Jackson, the champion axe-man of Australia, is quite willing to shave anyone with *his* little axe, although information is lacking as to whether he can operate on himself with that weapon.

Mr. Jackson has chopped so many logs and felled so many trees that he begins to think nothing of these feats, and so he has turned his attention and the edge of his axe to the beards of his companions. He recently gave an exhibition of his prowess in the tonsorial art at the Hippodrome, a brave man having been found who would consent to provide the beard.

Probably Mr. Jackson was started on his adventurous career in the following manner. Scene: the wilds of Australia. A stalwart colonial with a week's growth on his chin anxious to attend a dance at the local hotel, forty miles away. The sudden discovery that his razor is missing. No barber within a hundred miles. Awkward predicament of stalwart colonial. Mr. Jackson appears and is told the sad news. Offers to try his luck with his axe, Stalwart colonial agrees, rather doubtfully. Results: a clean shave, undying gratitude of the bearded colonial, and deathless fame for Mr. Jackson.

Photo *Topical Press Agency.*

(By permission of "The Daily Express.")

Mr. Harry Jackson, the champion axe-man of Australia, varying the monotony of chopping wood by shaving a man with his little axe.

Photo *Topical Press Agency.*

The jaw of a shark caught in one of the bays of German East Africa.

A DEATH TRAP.

How many an innocent fish has come to an untimely end through being found loitering in the neighbourhood of these jaws by their powerful owner! It is a painful thought.

The shark which possessed this remarkably fine jaw was an inhabitant of the waters which wash the coast of German East Africa. For a long time he was a terror to all the other denizens of the deep in that part of the world, and led a glorious life. Finally a German expedition boat captured him, and his jaws were removed and photographed.

They certainly inspire the onlooker with respect. With what a sickening crunch those mighty teeth have closed on many a hapless victim; surely the shark degenerated into a veritable floating cemetery!

And at last all these hapless fish were avenged. The German expedition boat came along with baited hook. The shark swallowed the hook, and in a few minutes all was over. Have we not here a typical instance of greed bringing about the downfall of the mighty?

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Photo *Graphic Photo Union.*

A curious spectacle after a storm at Biarritz. What has the appearance of snow is in reality dried foam from the waves.

NOT ICE CREAM.

At the majority of English watering-places the hokey-pokey and ice-cream men are a feature of the beach. Accustomed to these ornaments of his native seaside resorts, the British visitor to Biarritz, should he arrive at that delectable spot after a storm has raged, would fall into the error that free hokey-pokey and ice-cream are provided by the local authorities for all and sundry, and as an additional convenience, are spread out on the beach, that everyone may bring his knife and fork and help himself.

This supposition would be erroneous. It would be excused, however, by a peculiar phenomenon which occurs after a storm at Biarritz. The beach is coated with dried foam from the waves, and thus has the appearance of being covered with snow—or ice-cream!

So no fear need arise in sympathetic hearts lest the delightful black dog seen in the picture may be nothing but a frozen corpse, for at the time when the photograph was taken he was very much alive, and frisking gaily through his frothy surroundings.

There is no doubt that this foam carpet on the beach of Biarritz makes a very remarkable and astonishing spectacle. Naturally, in such a sunny spot snow is not looked for, and the foam gives an onlooker the impression that a very severe snowstorm has been in progress for a considerable time. As so often happens, however, things are not what they seem.

If anything could add to the numerous attractions of Biarritz this phenomenon would do so.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GREENHOUSES.

If anyone gets tired of his greenhouse, let him turn it into a swimming bath, as a certain fortunate owner of one of these useful erections did recently, in the following manner:

The floor was excavated to a depth of four feet at one end, sloping to twelve feet at the other. The resulting cavity was next lined with stone as a foundation for cement and tar-paper, supplemented with brick-work and green tiles. At this point the bath, to its designer's gratification, was found to be watertight. The existing hot-water pipes were found to heat the bath admirably when necessary, and the potting-shed and annexe were turned into a suite of five most convenient dressing-rooms. Nothing remained except to launch a football and a small canoe on the calm waters of the bath in order to complete a most delightful playground either in summer, without the heating apparatus, or in winter with it.

Who would have a greenhouse when he might possess a swimming bath?

Photo *W. A. Mountstephen.*

A gentleman who became tired of his greenhouse recently converted it into a swimming bath. The adjacent potting shed is now a dressing-room.

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The Story of a Jewel Robbery.

By C. Randolph Lichfield.

"But—but you cannot stay here, my cousin!" exclaimed the stout, obviously French, man, shrugging his shoulders and throwing out his hands expressively, "your presence compromises me—me!—a reputable merchant, with a family. Think of my family!"

The other man dropped his hands, disclosing his scarred and haggard face, and leapt from the office chair into which he had thrown himself a moment before.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried wildly, "would you thrust me out into the street, branded as I am by this scar, to be pounced upon by the first policeman, perhaps?"

"How?" demanded Henry Sanfrain thickly, "Were you recognised, think you?"

"I told you! There is not a police-officer in this city of London but must have learnt what I am like by now," replied the other, pacing about the little office distractedly. "As I hurried from the building, unconscious in my agitation that Hardinstein's bullet had hit me, the porter stopped me. Whether he had heard the shot, or was only concerned to see the blood upon my cheek, I do not guess. In my alarm I broke away from him and ran into the street. An instant later a scoundrel of a constable stopped me. But from him, too, I broke away. And as I fled I heard Hardinstein come running out into the road, crying that he had been robbed. 'My diamonds! my diamonds!' I heard him cry. And, pursued hotly, I came here by a thousand turnings."

"*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" wailed Henry Sanfrain, wringing his fat little hands in the anguish of his alarm. "It is too terrible, too—too terrible! If you are caught here, Charles, with the diamonds on you, all is lost! Why did I ever countenance such an outrageous offence? Am I not a respectable merchant?"

"Oh, cease your ravings!" cried Charles fiercely. "Think!—act!—help me, and save yourself! How can I get on to the Continent?"

"Impossible! *Oh, mon Dieu!* it is impossible," returned Henry excitedly. "Have you not told me so? Can we disguise you with that scar on your face? And the police!—do they not pass these premises a dozen times each hour? At any moment one may turn in here because I bear your name, even if you were not traced here. Oh, depart, depart before all is lost!"

"You despicable coward!" the other exclaimed scornfully. "I have borne the brunt of this, as I did of the other affair; and now because you see some danger to yourself you rave, you weep, you sweat with fear! Fool! is that how we may be saved? Remember that I have twenty thousand pounds' worth on me! If I am not worth an effort, the diamonds are!"

"Ah, Charles, you malign me!" cried

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"More straw," he whispered, stepping into the case and curling himself down.

Henry brokenly. "I have great affection for you. But what can I do? Can I hide you on these premises where any of my employees may find you?—the police may search for you? No, no, my cousin! It is becoming dark, and you must make your effort to escape under the cloak of night. My people have all gone. Alas! someone may have seen you enter—you came up through the packing-room?"

"Yes, but I met no one."

"I could at least get the stuff to the Continent," said Henry eagerly, struck with an idea. "I have a consignment of four cases ready for Paris—for Benortine. I could pack them in one of these, and communicate with Benortine. We know he is trustworthy and discreet."

"Then let us lose no time, *miserable!*" Charles cried angrily. "It will be something, as you say—thank Heaven you have more brains than you have courage!—if we can secure the diamonds. Let us get them packed away, and then consider how I may myself escape."

He threw open his coat as he spoke, and drew from an inner breast-pocket five tissue-paper packets.

"Where are these cases for Benortine?" he inquired.

"In the packing-room," replied Henry, his sharp little eyes glistening at the sight of the packets, and his hands reaching out involuntarily for them. "Let me see."

"No time. Give me a stout envelope, wax and tape, Henry."

"Ah, but I have a right to see them Are not half of them mine?"

"And half the risk of every moment lost is yours also, cousin!" snapped Charles, searching the desk hurriedly for what he required.

"*Oh, mon Dieu!* you are right, my dear Charles; it is awful!" said Henry with a shudder, joining in the search. "I seem to feel the iron bracelets eating into my wrists already. It may mean ten years for each of us, and the thought is worse than death. Here—here!"

Trembling hands inclosed the packets of diamonds in a stout envelope, which was tied up with tape and sealed.

"I will address them to you, care of Benortine," said Charles, snatching up a pen. Then he turned and followed the elder man along a short, dark passage and down a flight of stairs into a large, stable-like warehouse,

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where empty packing-cases, crates, and bales stood in tiers reaching to the roof.

Switching on the electric arc lamp which lighted the place, Henry Sanfrain hurried over to the locked and barred double-doors, which opened on a narrow back-street, and stopped before a group of four large packing-cases, which had been arranged beside the door to await the carrier's van.

As the two men paused before these cases reflectively, a heavy, yet stealthy, footstep sounded outside the double-doors. They started nervously, and drew breath deeply. The next moment they stepped back in alarm, as someone outside evidently tried the doors to ascertain if they were closed, and Charles laid a hand on Henry's arm, whispering:

"Don't move."

The latch clicked, and the doors creaked slightly, but they were quite fast, and, apparently realising this, the man outside moved away. But he did not go far; distinctly they heard him step off the pavement, cross the narrow, cobble road, and station himself opposite.

Charles licked his lips and glanced significantly at his cousin, who was trembling in every limb. Before either spoke, a distant bell jangled in the passage which connected the offices and store-rooms upstairs with the main-street.

"We are caught!" panted Charles, his dark, thin face twitching painfully. "That man was doubtless sent round to cut off my retreat by the back, while someone else demanded entry from the front."

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" muttered Henry Sanfrain faintly. "All is lost!"

"Hide me! Hide me in one of those packing-cases, and if the worst comes to the worst consign me to Benortine with the others," Charles whispered vehemently. "Quick!" he added, shaking the other by the arm as the bell rang again.

Dominated by his cousin, Henry stiffened, and moving forward together they lifted down an empty packing-case, similar in general appearance to the four grouped beside the doors.

Working with feverish haste, Charles gathered a great armful of shavings and straw and threw it into the packing-case as Henry raised the lightly-nailed lid.

"More straw," he whispered, stepping into the case and curling himself down. "And for Heaven's sake see that I have air to breathe."

"Trust me," said Henry, choking with emotion. "Doubtless they will only look round to satisfy themselves you are not here."

The bell rang loudly as he twisted up an armful of straw and packed it so that it would protect Charles' head from the side and lid of the box. Then he laid on the lid, and snatching up a hammer drove half-a-dozen nails in to secure it.

Again the bell rang, louder than before.

"Can you breathe? There is plenty of space for air," whispered Henry, laying his lips to the box.

"Yes," came the stifled answer.

Henry straightened himself, and tossing the hammer into a mound of straw, turned and ran up the stairs and along the passage. Then he paused till the bell should ring again.

He had recovered a little of his usual composure by his efforts to do something to save his cousin and himself, and he found courage in the reflection that the police would scarcely dream of looking in the right place for Charles or the diamonds, and without either they could not suspect him of being implicated in the robbery. And when the bell rang yet again, he hurried through the main office and threw open the door with an air of bold indifference.

An inspector of police and a plain-clothes officer stood on the pavement without and glanced over Henry Sanfrain's short, stout, coatless figure wonderingly before speaking. Then the speaker announced the purport of their call. Just as Henry expected, they had come hoping to find Charles there.

He sought at once to disabuse their minds of any such idea, and expressed his disbelief that Charles could possibly have been concerned in a crime, though he was visibly affected by the suggestion. He denied having seen his cousin that or the previous day, and, in the confident hope that Charles could immediately clear himself of suspicion, he suggested one or two places where they might look for him.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Sanfrain," said the inspector, "we'll look for him here first."

"Come in, please, come in!" Henry demanded irritably. "I shall be glad to show you over the premises. Please search where you like," he added, as they stepped in, and he closed and locked the door.

Systematically they searched every corner of every room, but, needless to say, failed to discover their suspect.

Finally, Sanfrain led them down into the packing-room, and not without horrible misgiving. He stood at the foot of the staircase,

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trying to appear indifferent, while they searched corners, behind bales, under mounds of packing material, and in empty cases. His heart stood still as the detective stopped before the group of five cases near the doors and scrutinised the various labels they bore.

It was a moment of intense suspense—a crisis. Would he remark the case which was not labelled? If he did, and insisted on its being opened?

Henry's flaccid flesh trembled coldly on his bones as he waited, watching, yet trying to appear as if doing neither. And he drew perhaps the sweetest breath he had ever drawn as the officer straightened himself and turned to his companion, with the remark that they had better express their regret that they had given Mr. Sanfrain so much trouble.

As Henry let them out into the street and bade them good evening, he was careful not to appear too gracious or genial. He heard them lingering on the pavement outside. When they moved away he hurried down to the packing-room, and listened with his ear to the double-doors.

Presently he heard someone turn into the street from the main thoroughfare, when the man, who had, it seemed, been waiting outside all the time, went forward. The footsteps of both men ceased simultaneously, and there was silence for a few moments. Then one of the two hurried away, and the other returned slowly, with the evident intention of remaining on guard.

Sanfrain communicated these facts to Charles, and appealed to him for advice. But he had the greatest difficulty in making himself understood, and he could make so little sense of what his cousin said that he was forced to rely on his own judgment for his future course of action.

It was perfectly obvious that Charles could not get away while the premises were being guarded back and front. And it seemed dangerous to let him out of the box, while the police might be intending to pay a second visit in the hope that they might find him unprepared.

It was equally obvious that he himself could not go home as things were; to be so far away from the seat of danger would be intolerable.

So he went up to his office and telephoned to his wife not to expect him home that night, then settled himself down with a glass of brandy to invent a course of action.

But no course of action suggested itself to his mind, as everything depended upon circumstances of the most unreliable character. A thousand things might happen. Only if nothing happened was he prepared to act.

Nothing did happen. The evening waned into the night, night into dawn, dawn into day; and with day came Johnson, the office-cleaner.

Heavy-eyed from a sleepless night of watchfulness and listening, Henry greeted the cleaner with a loosely constructed explanation of his presence. It was no part of Johnson's duty to doubt his employer's word; he listened indifferently, and went about his work.

At the risk of being seen, Sanfrain presently opened a window, and, leaning out, tried to discover for himself whether the guard had been withdrawn.

There were a few men standing idly about already. There was a broad-shouldered, deep-chested man loafing about a few yards away, who might be an officer. On the other hand, he might be nothing of the sort. It was impossible to decide. And Henry closed the window again quietly, with a profound sigh.

By-and-by, his employees began to arrive, even before he had thought of what he should do if it became necessary or advisable to open the fifth box while they were about. Though wearied by a sleepless night of the most poignant anxiety, his restlessness kept him constantly passing and repassing between his office upstairs and the packing-room.

On one of these visits he caught Hammond, his packer, turning the fifth box about, evidently perplexed as to what it might be.

"What's this?" inquired the man as Henry hurried towards him.

"That—that—— Gently! I don't suppose it's too well packed; I did it myself, after you had gone. I am sending it with the others, I think, unless I hear from Paris it is not required. You had better get it labelled at once. Run up to the office; you will find the label on my desk, I think."

Hammond hurried away. The moment he was out of sight, Henry rapped on the box with his knuckles.

"Are you all right?" he inquired.

A smothered voice from within answered affirmatively, adding something Henry could not understand, though it was repeated and reiterated; and doubt as to what his cousin meant increased his distress of mind. But the return of Hammond made it impossible for him to seek enlightenment.

"Can't see no label on your desk or anywhere, sir," said the man.

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"Paint it on, then, like the others," Henry answered weakly, "and number the box 'five.' Number the others one — two — three—four."

He stood by while his instructions were obeyed, and then ordered that each should be marked "Urgent—This Side Up."

While this was being done, a heavy cart drew up outside, and a knock fell on the door.

Henry hurriedly stepped aside and opened the door, with the object of ascertaining, if possible, whether the police were still on guard. Surely enough, over the shoulder of the burly carter who had come for the boxes, he saw a keen-eyed man standing on the pavement opposite, looking straight at him. His pale face turned whiter, but in his alarm he determined instantly to carry the matter through at all hazards. No other means of escape seemed possible for either Charles or himself, and this one seemed certain, if Charles should withstand the frightful physical strain of such a journey.

"Why did you not come yesterday?" he demanded of the carter. "The consequence of this delay is that I must go to the extra expense of sending the goods by express train. They are wanted immediately. The five—yes, the five. Handle them carefully. I will go in and fill up a fresh consignment note."

When the goods had gone, he collapsed utterly; the sense of relief in having passed Charles out, bound for the safety of Paris, where Benortine would give him every possible assistance, together with his horrible fear whether his cousin could stand the terrible fatigue of the journey so taken, broke him utterly, and Marsh, his chief clerk, arrived to find him in a half-fainting condition.

He recovered somewhat after a little while, however, and wrote to his old friend and customer, Benortine, in Paris, begging him to open the fifth box himself, and do "the best that he could with the contents." He was afraid to put his meaning more clearly, but felt satisfied Benortine would understand. Then, feeling utterly incapable of attending to business, he went home to Surbiton.

The morning papers contained long accounts of the sensational robbery of Hardenstein's diamonds, and made it clear that Charles alone could have committed the daring crime. His arrest was imminent; his usual haunts, the railway termini and the ports, were being watched by experienced officers, while the police believed they were in possession of a strong clue to the culprit's whereabouts, and were prosecuting the case with the utmost vigour.

The reports of the case satisfied Sanfrain that the method of getting Charles out of the country which he had been forced to adopt, desperate and dangerous as it was, without a doubt was the only way which could possibly have been successful.

In short, he felt comforted and reassured by his perusal of the newspapers, because they justified what he had done, and stamped it as the only thing that he could have done. There was hope where, otherwise, there could have been none; and, if Fortune favoured Charles and himself, they would both be rendered comparatively well off for the rest of their lives.

But this hopeful feeling, mild and fluctuating, was ephemeral. As the day wore on, Henry's profound anxiety reasserted itself with intense force. Again and again he weighed the chances in his own and Charles' favour, and yet could not convince himself that they were favourable. It was probable, he knew, that such an active, healthy, and wiry man as Charles would be little the worse for making so short a journey under such circumstances. Yet, in spite of himself, he doubted the probability.

Suddenly he decided to hurry to Paris. But he was too late to do so that day, and when he realised this he condemned himself as every sort of imbecile for not having gone there immediately after dispatching the cases, instead of leaving so much to chance.

Though he could not leave that night, he returned to London at once, putting up at a hotel, to preclude the possibility of losing the train next morning.

He reached Paris late in the afternoon, and hastened to M. Benortine's place of business, where he received the staggering news that his friend was away in Italy.

"I am M'sieu' Henry Sanfrain—an old friend and business connection," he gasped, mopping the cold sweat from his face.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the fair-bearded man who had come forward to see him.

"I have come over post-haste to rectify a most unfortunate error committed—serious delay will be incurred—I shall lose heavily!" stammered Henry. "Five boxes of goods were consigned from my place early yesterday; there should only have been four. I must have the fifth box, which is numbered."

The fair-bearded man looked grave, and something like suspicion darkened his blue eyes.

"I don't see what we can do in the absence

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of M. Benortine, m'sieu'," he said softly. "Have you a card?"

Sanfrain produced not only a business card, but also billheads, memos, and letter-paper to establish his identity, whereat the look of suspicion dropped from out the blue eyes.

"I must have that case, m'sieu'," said Sanfrain, as the other conned the card abstractedly. "It is impossible to exaggerate the loss I may suffer through the mistake."

"I—I'm afraid you're too late," replied the other. "But I will inquire," and he hurried through the door into an inner office.

Too late! What did he mean—how too late? Sanfrain threw himself down into a chair limply, and stared about him.

In a moment or two the fair-bearded man returned swiftly, followed by a scrubby-looking individual in shirt-sleeves, who bowed respectfully at the white-faced Sanfrain.

"The goods arrived not very long since, m'sieu'," said the scrubby individual. "Do I understand there was something incorrect——?"

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" cried Henry, bounding to his feet gladly at the news. "Yes, yes—oh, yes; the case numbered 'five' ought not to have been sent here—gross mistake!—frightful blunder!—serious consequences."

"Very annoying," murmured the man, looking gravely up into the blue eyes which were looking down at him. "M'sieu' Benortine left instructions for the expected consignment of goods from your firm to be forwarded immediately they arrived to the customer for whom they were ordered, and——"

"Gone?" cried Henry despairingly.

"Yes, m'sieu'."

"How long since?"

"Some three hours, perhaps."

"*Juste ciel!* And were they not unpacked—repacked?"

"No, m'sieu'—simply readdressed."

"Where?—to whom?—where?"

"Biarritz. We——"

"Biarritz?" he shouted wildly. "I am lost! I am ruined!—ruined!"

"Is it not possible the cases have not yet been dispatched?" the blue eyed man inquired of his *confrère*. "Might they not be found at the station?"

"Possible, possible," replied the other, nodding sympathetically at the agitated Sanfrain. "If m'sieu' likes I will accompany him and see what can be done. But it is sometimes difficult to obtain goods while in transit."

"My eternal gratitude, my dear sir!" cried Henry effusively, grasping the man's hand and wringing it. "Let us hurry, my charming friend! Your hat—coat! Let us not lose one moment—one instant!"

"I will be with you directly," replied the scrubby-looking individual, swiftly retiring to the inner office.

Sanfrain hurried out into the street and glanced up and down for a *fiacre*. There was one approaching, and he waved his umbrella at the driver before he perceived that the man already had a fare.

Excitedly he turned in the opposite direction, and hurrying to the corner of the street loudly summoned another *fiacre* which was just driving away empty.

At that moment the scrubby man joined him. They jumped into the conveyance, and gave the driver the necessary instructions.

"My dear friend," said Sanfrain emotionally, laying a hand on his companion's arm as they started, "it is probable, I hope, that the goods have not yet left Paris?"

"It is possible, m'sieu'."

"Should they have done so, how long, think you, would they be in reaching Biarritz?"

"Forty to fifty hours, perhaps. Goods trains are very liable to be delayed."

"Alas! yes."

Arriving at the station, they hurried to the goods department, and Sanfrain's companion explained the situation to an official. Sanfrain supplemented the explanation, dilating on the urgent necessity of his recovering the fifth box without delay.

"They have not yet left," murmured the official dubiously, "but they are consigned by M'sieu' Benortine, and we cannot surrender them without his written or personally verbal instructions to do so."

Sanfrain was distracted, while his companion seemed nonplussed. A fierce wrangle resulted, and ultimately the official led them into the office of a superior official, who, on having the facts of the case explained to him, was equally decided that the goods could not be surrendered in the manner suggested without evidence of Benortine's consent.

Sanfrain saw that the same difficulty might and probably would arise at Biarritz, by which time Charles' journey might have proved fatal. In such circumstances the possibilities might be inconceivably horrible, perhaps even fatal to himself.

In despair he swore, protested, pleaded,

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and expostulated with wild incoherence. All to no purpose; the official was obdurate. As a last resource, he offered to indemnify the railway company in respect of any action which could be taken against them, and to his intense relief this offer was accepted on condition that his companion, acting as M. Benortine's agent, would sign the form of indemnity.

When the matter had been satisfactorily settled, the junior official hurried them through the station to the goods yard, where, after many inquiries, the five packing-cases were located.

A pair of hands were thrust up and . . . a slim man rose from the box in a cloud of packing.

Sanfrain was speechless with emotion as his eyes fell upon the fifth box. His legs shook under him so that he could scarcely stand, and his face was as white as his linen collar. He would have given all he possessed in the world to have been at liberty to rap upon the box and ascertain its secret. But he dared not; he was in his own free France, but not out of danger yet. All he ventured to do was to approach the box, and, feigning to examine its labels and signs, bate his breath and listen for the possible sound of slight movement. There was none, however, and, though he hardly expected any, his fears increased.

"That is the box. I am most happy to have recovered it," he said thickly. "I should like it carried to my *fiacre*, which is waiting."

Porters were called and the case conveyed to the *fiacre*. Then ensued a wrangle with the driver, who protested against the character of the luggage he was asked to carry, especially as it would occupy the whole of the floor. But Sanfrain's promise to be liberal won him over, and the case was put into the *fiacre*, and Sanfrain took his seat, squeezing his feet and legs into the smallest space possible.

"You will excuse me from accompanying you under such uncomfortable conditions, m'sieu'?" said the man from Benortine's.

"Ah, my friend, yes!" Sanfrain exclaimed. "I will deposit this for the time being at a hotel, and we will dine together. *Au revoir!*"

Ten minutes later the *fiacre* pulled up before a quiet hotel in a side-street, and Sanfrain scrambled out eager to obtain a room and learn the worst or the best, as the Fates might send, for his repeated rapping on the box during the drive had elicited no audible response.

He was given a room on the third floor, and the box was brought to him by two porters, who murmured at its weight. He tipped them liberally, and requested the loan of an instrument with which he could prise the lid off, as it contained some samples he had immediate need of, he explained.

Once alone with the box and a small

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crow-bar, he locked the door and rapped loudly on the box.

"Charles," he whispered. "Charles. Speak!"

But there was no response.

Desperately he set to work to remove the lid, and at length he levered up one end. Then he paused, peering in at the aperture, afraid.

Suddenly the straw and shavings heaved, a pair of hands were thrust up and threw off the lid, and a slim man rose from the box in a cloud of packing, and shook himself stiffly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Sanfrain, stepping back startled. "Oh, my dear Charles——"

Then he saw that the man stepping weakly out of the box, and regarding him with a firm eye, was not Charles, but a stranger, and he staggered back gaping till the edge of the bed brought him to a stop.

"Sir," said the stranger, in English with a French accent, his keen, dark face contracted by a look of pain, while he rubbed both thighs simultaneously, "I have the pleasure of apprehending you on behalf of the police of the City of London. I trust the unexpected meeting will not distress you, as much as the means to it has distressed me. Another hour and I should have died from cramp."

With the last flicker of his courage Sanfrain stiffened and raised the crow-bar threateningly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger softly, drawing back. "Don't make bad worse."

"*Mon Dieu!*—all is lost," Sanfrain panted, sinking back upon the bed.

"Excepting the other Jack-in-the-box—the original article, and the diamonds," returned the other smoothly, dropping into French. "Both those important details were found at Calais, where I was watching for him, and where the lid of the box broke off and laid him practically at my feet!"

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* all is lost." Sanfrain repeated blankly.

"How can you say it, ungrateful? Think what I have suffered in order to make the acquaintance of the gentleman who would establish his complicity in the great robbery by liberating me from a most agonising cramp! How many are there who would have suffered so—merely to make your acquaintance? Tut!—nothing is lost—nothing! All is found—the thief, the diamonds, the accomplice, the evidence, and—little me."

"NO!"

You once said, "No!" . . . my love was
all in vain;
Still, after five long years, I feel the pain!
I called you, I remember, a coquette
And heartless, for my pride was hurt; I
let
My passion master me—and my disdain!

Once more we meet and once more you
enchain,
But I am wiser grown, and though still fain
Once more to worship—I cannot forget
You once said, "No!"

Ah! do you never guess that I constrain
Myself to coldness, and that I remain
Yours, as in days of old when, newly-
met,
Love held us captive in his go'den
net? . . .
Dear, if I prayed you to be mine again,
Would you say, "No"?

R. Merlin.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY

A Brief Glance at His Work and Daily Routine.

By D. Maher.

In this article, D. Maher, the famous American jockey, who has three times ridden the Derby winner, describes a typical day in his life. Although Maher has only been riding in England a few years, he has, in that short time, established himself at the head of his profession, and, indeed, is generally considered by sporting experts to be the most skilful horseman of the day. His remarks, therefore, should be read with particular interest.

Few professions, I think, are more misjudged by the general public—that is to say, the public not actually connected with the Sport of Kings—than that of a jockey. His life, most people will tell you, is, at all times, one of the greatest ease and luxury, in that he is popularly supposed to earn an income varying from, let us say, five thousand to thirty thousand pounds a year merely by working three or four hours a day.

I am not exaggerating when I say that most people picture a jockey's life and duties as being nothing more arduous than to canter down to the starting-post on a fine afternoon on a thoroughbred, "trained to the hour," "jump off" smartly from the "gate," and, if possible, catch the judge's eye first at the finish, and then, at the expiration of the afternoon's racing, receive as a reward a particularly healthy-looking cheque.

All the same, however, it is, perhaps, not altogether surprising that the non-racing public should hold these views, for the hundreds of thousands of people who daily follow the sport with the keenest interest merely see a jockey "on parade," so to speak; of his life behind the scenes, of his struggles to keep down excessive avoirdupois, of his hard work on the training ground, of the many pitfalls which beset his path, and last, but not least, of the intense self-denial he has at all times to show, they obviously can know but little.

The man in the street only sees the rosy side of the life of a Knight of the Pigskin, as that great sporting writer, Hawley Smart, was wont to term a jockey, who, off the stage, unfortunately has to cram more hard work into his average day than do any of the arm-chair critics whose parrot-like cry is "that jockeys earn ten times as much money as their services are worth."

Now, "this is as may be," to quote the words of the village sage, but the fact remains that while there are hundreds, and probably thousands, of boys attached to racing stables who are capable of riding a good gallop in private, not one per cent. possesses the ability to figure with distinction on a racecourse. This fact in itself goes to prove, I think, that it is not quite so easy as it looks to ride

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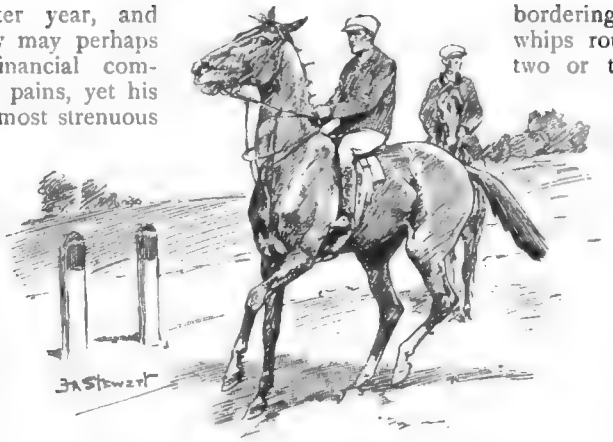
winners year after year, and although a jockey may perhaps receive ample financial compensation for his pains, yet his life is one of the most strenuous imaginable.

In the first place, his duties almost invariably begin in the small hours of the morning, when most respectable citizens are not thinking of rising for several hours. Thus, at Newmarket, where I make my headquarters during the racing season, shortly after six o'clock I jog down the sleepy old High Street, which, even at that early hour, is alive with horses wending their way in Indian file to the training ground where, almost every day, I have to ride in several gallops, and often in one or two trials; or, maybe, I am to throw a leg across some two-year-old whose merits are to be tested for the first time.



A three-year-old, reported to be of great promise, pretends to be frightened out of his life at some white railings and whips round sharply.

Dainty, dapper little things the two-year-olds look as they make their way towards the training ground, where it has been arranged the night before, they are to be "roughed-up" with an "old" horse who knows, from past experience, what racing means, and who, therefore, will be able to "tell the time of day" in a thoroughly reliable fashion, as he is known to be in form, having won a race only a few days previously. He, by the way, is well aware of what is coming as regards his own share in the gallop; but the little ones are quite excited at the prospect of their visit to the Heath, and what is to them, so far, merely the fun and exhilaration of being allowed to stretch themselves out a bit.

Punctuality is as essential a quality in a jockey as in a soldier, and, therefore, I contrive to arrive on the Heath a few minutes before "time." Soon, however, I espy the trainer, for whom I am first to ride a gallop, approaching in the distance. An old chestnut leads the way, the boy on his back humming a song and tapping his gaiter with the cane he carries, followed by a three-year-old, reported to be of great promise, who pretends to be frightened out of his life at some railings bordering the road, and whips round sharply after two or three mild "fly-jumps"—but it isn't vice, mind you, merely high spirits—and, indeed, what the inexperienced often mistake for bad temper on the part of a thoroughbred is really only a little play.

The youngsters are to carry silk, just to accustom them to the sight and sound of it—unless you have ridden in a race you would be surprised at the noise the rustle of a silk jacket is capable of making, and many a good two-year-old has lost its first race through sheer stage-fright at this unfamiliar rustle and the loud cracks of the whips in a close finish. The boys on this occasion are, therefore, wearing silk under their ordinary jackets, which are discarded after the string has cantered past the trainer, who carefully notes the style of going and general appearance of his charges.

After this first canter, the quartette engaged in the trial make their way to the starting-point, where I soon join them, previously having exchanged a few words with the trainer. Three bays and a chestnut are in the gallop, the latter of which, a fashionably-bred youngster, has for some time possessed the reputation of "being able to catch pigeons," to use the familiar jargon of the Turf. In any case, this much-vaunted champion has evidently been well trained to "get off" quickly, as, the moment the signal is given for the start, he jumps into his stride like lightning, and finally gallops past the trainer, who has stationed himself at the finish, an easy winner.

After pulling up I dismount, and the chestnut is handed over to the charge of the boy who "does him," while I describe to the trainer exactly how my mount went throughout the trial, and canter off to some other part of the Heath to ride in still another gallop.

So the morning passes, and by half-past eight, having ridden altogether in two trials and a couple of good gallops, I wend my

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way homeward once more. Arrived at my "quarters," which, by the way, are situated above one of the stables for whose patrons I ride, I take a morning tub, followed by a good rub down, and then, with an uncommonly keen appetite, I begin to think of breakfast. In fact, now and again, try as he will, it is very difficult for a jockey to prevent his thoughts conjuring up visions of kidneys and bacon and all sorts of other alluring dishes.

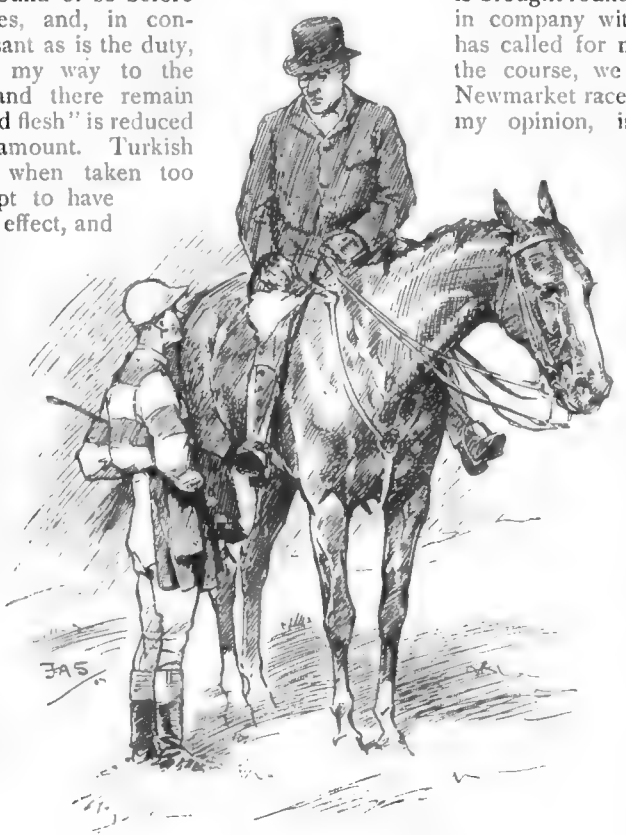
But alas! There the matter ends, as such luxuries are not for him, for were he to indulge in a solid meal of this sort in the early morning, he would surely soon have to retire from the Turf owing to excessive weight; so, perforce, he has to satisfy an appetite which a millionaire might envy, with a couple of pieces of dry toast, or something equally uninteresting, and a cup of weak coffee.

The next item in the day's work is a visit to the weighing-machine, where I find out exactly how heavy I am to an ounce. To my disappointment I find that I shall have to get off another pound or so before racing commences, and, in consequence, unpleasant as is the duty, I have to wend my way to the Turkish Baths, and there remain until the "too solid flesh" is reduced by the requisite amount. Turkish Baths, however, when taken too frequently, are apt to have a very weakening effect, and therefore, as an alternative, it is sometimes advisable to put on some thick sweaters and set out for a good, long tramp of, say, from eight to ten miles, for weakness to a jockey is a very serious drawback indeed, and one to be avoided at all cost.

Still, the time I have to spend sweltering in the hot room of the baths passes fairly quickly, as at Newmarket especially one always meets a number of brother horsemen there to enliven the monotony of things. Shortly after midday, after having "sweltered" for over two hours, I return home to "lunch," which does not really deserve such a high-sounding title, in that, more often than not, it consists merely of a little fruit and a wineglassful of sodawater.

By the way, talking of wineglasses—full of wine, not sodawater—reminds me that cases have occurred when even a single wineglassful of sherry has been known to send up the weight of a jockey, who had been wasting severely, as much as two pounds, which, on the face of it, is truly extraordinary. Exactly why this should be so it is difficult to say, but I suppose the truth of the matter is that severe wasting is so arduous in its after-effects, that the body is "bucked up" by even a mouthful of nourishment in a way that one can only describe as miraculous.

The first race in the afternoon is set for half-past one, and a few minutes after I have swallowed my meagre midday meal my hack is brought round once more, and in company with a friend who has called for me on his way to the course, we trot up to the Newmarket racecourse, which, in my opinion, is the finest in the world. In America most of the "tracks" are dust tracks, so that the beautiful expanse of green turf on the Heath is a veritable treat, as the going there is almost always perfect—in fact, the racecourse is simply ideal.



After pulling up I dismount, and describe to the trainer exactly how my mount went through the trial.

Most people are, doubtless, familiar with the various details of a jockey's life at the races, so that I will not dwell on such commonplace happenings as having to go to the scales before a race and weighing in afterwards, changing colours

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Up goes the "white-feathered" gentleman's head, swish round and round goes his tail, and it requires the most delicate "kidding" imaginable on the jockey's part to persuade his unwilling steed that racing is really not such a bad game after all.

again, then repeating the weighing process, and so on, but probably few have any idea of exactly how it feels to ride in a race.

Thus I have often heard it stated that races are run so fast in these days—since the crouching style has become fashionable the "times" have been much faster—that it is quite impossible for a jockey to distinguish a face in the crowd as he gallops past. Now I should like to say that this is quite a mistake, for even in five-furlong races, when the horses are travelling at forty horse-power speed as they flash past the post, I have frequently noted that it is quite possible to recognise the familiar features of someone one knows from out of the blurr of faces lining the course. At the same time, I have been able to tell exactly how the mounts of other jockeys to the right and left of me have been going — whether, in other words, they are "all out," or whether they are still capable of "pulling out a few ounces more."

It is strange, too, when riding a bad-tempered horse, who will not run his races out to the bitter end, how one intuitively feels the very moment he's going to throw up the sponge before he actually does so. Mark you, he has not yet thrown it up, but long experience seems to imbue one with a sort of anticipatory sense, so that one can almost divine one's mount's thoughts, which, in the case of a faint-hearted customer, are probably something of this sort: "Seems to me I've been galloping long enough, and when I get near the Grand Stand my jockey is sure to give me a lambasting in his silly desire that I should be first past the box, in which I remember a man always stands—hullo, what on earth are these people leaning over the rails for, and shouting like a lot of lunatics? I've had enough of this, so here goes"—and up goes the "white feathered" gentleman's head, swish round and round goes his tail, and it requires the most delicate "kidding" imaginable on a jockey's part to persuade his unwilling steed that racing is really not such a bad game after all.

Now there are people, anti-gamblers and others, who will tell you that jockeys merely look upon their mounts as racing machines; but this again is one of the many delusions woven round a Knight of the Pigskin's life,

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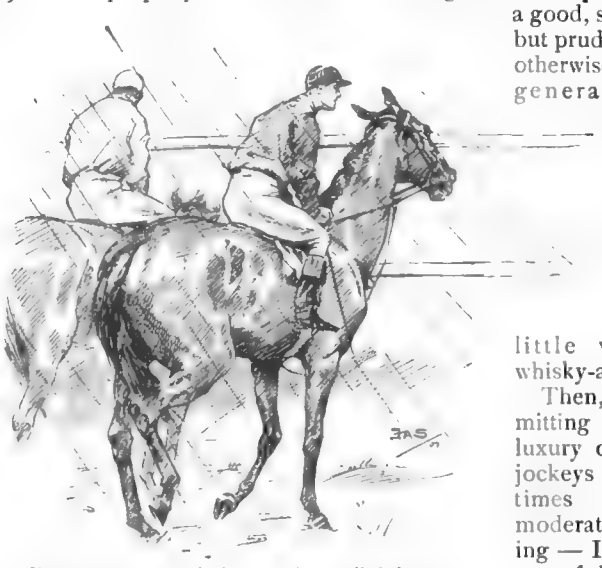
for, as a matter of fact, no lover of horses has a greater affection for a really good thoroughbred, who has done him a good turn, than has the jockey who has steered that horse to victory. Rock Sand, for instance, I shall always keep a warm corner in my heart for, as Sir James Miller's game horse gave me my first winning mount in the Derby.

Since that initial win I have been twice successful in the Blue Riband of the Turf; but I must confess that no victory ever gave quite the same satisfaction as my first winning mount in the Derby. All the same, however, I have seldom ridden a better horse than Spearmint, winner in 1906, the property of Major Eustace Loder, owner of that wonderful mare, Pretty Polly, who was indeed a champion, and like all the Carbines, possessed of the courage of a bulldog and the stamina of—well—Spearmint stayed as long as a lady in a bonnet shop. What more can I say?

During every afternoon's racing I am very often approached by owners with whom I discuss arrangements for mounts in the future; but sometimes, when I am not riding in the last race of the day, I leave early, especially when I am engaged to ride elsewhere the next day. You see, a jockey has to get about the country in no half-hearted manner, for one day, perhaps, he is engaged to ride in the south of England, the next right up in the north, the next in the south again; while, after racing is over on Saturday afternoon, he sometimes has to cross over to France to ride there on Sunday; and perhaps on the Monday afternoon he may have several mounts in the north of England again, so that he should, at any rate, be something of an authority on railway accommodation.

And again, the fact seems generally to be overlooked that a jockey does not always feel as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and, indeed, although he seldom gets one, he wants a holiday just as badly as do the members of other professions. I would point out, too, that when the weather is bad, it is no fun at all sitting on a restive thoroughbred, in a silk jacket, drenched to the skin, with a piercing wind blowing right through one, while some of the field delay the start for what seems an interminably long time by refusing to face the gate. Still, that is quite a common occurrence in a jockey's day.

But to continue my story. By dinner-time, at seven o'clock or thereabouts, having really not eaten enough to make a self-respecting church mouse smile, it is not difficult to realise that one begins to feel equal to tackling a good, square meal; but prudence dictates otherwise, and, as a general rule, my dinner is confined to a little fish, a cut from the joint, and some stewed fruit washed down by a little wine or a whisky-and-soda.



When the weather is bad it is no fun at all sitting on a restive thoroughbred, in a silk jacket, drenched to the skin, with a piercing wind blowing right through one.

Then, after permitting myself the luxury of a cigar—jockeys have at all times to exercise moderation in smoking—I spend the rest of the evening—except, of course, when I have a long railway journey before me—either in chatting over the day's events and discussing future engagements with some friends, or in enjoying a quiet game of billiards. "And so to bed," for to-morrow I have to exercise early again; and as my usual working day generally extends from over sixteen to seventeen hours, my head scarcely touches the pillow before I am wrapped in slumber, undisturbed by the barking of the watch-dog in the stable-yard below, and the hooting of the owls in the ivy-covered tower hard by.

Like the immortal village blacksmith, a jockey feels invariably that he has thoroughly earned his night's repose; and, believe me, he has, too.

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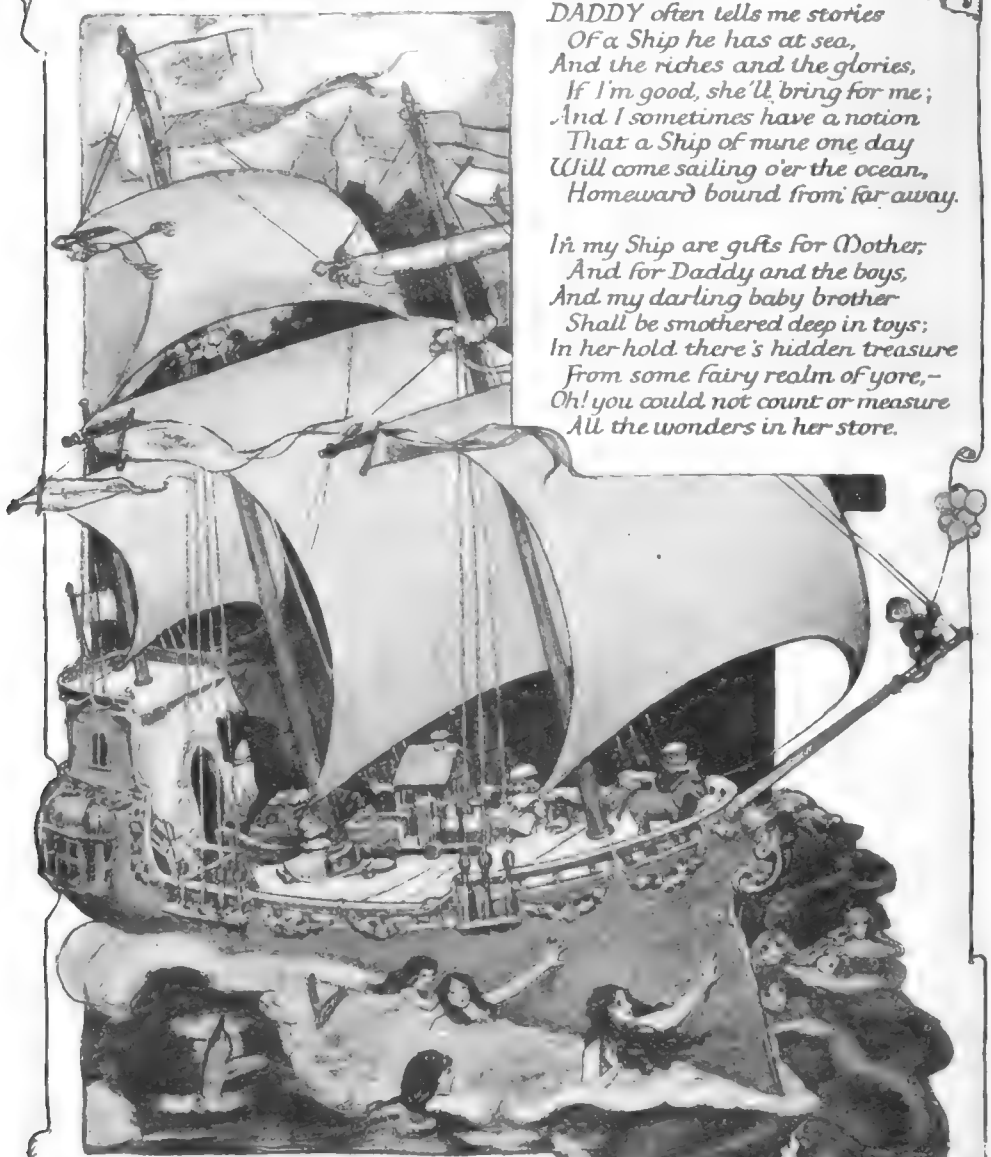
MY FAIRY SHIP.



DADDY often tells me stories
Of a Ship he has at sea,
And the riches and the glories,
If I'm good, she'll bring for me;
And I sometimes have a notion
That a Ship of mine one day
Will come sailing o'er the ocean,
Homeward bound from far away.

In my Ship are gifts for Mother,
And for Daddy and the boys,
And my darling baby brother
Shall be smothered deep in toys;
In her hold there's hidden treasure
From some fairy realm of yore,—
Oh! you could not count or measure
All the wonders in her store.

In my dreams with white sails lifting
To the music of the breeze,
In a golden dime she's drifting
O'er the shining, silver seas;
Magic airs blow soft behind her,
Mermaids guide her through the foam,
And I'm sure at last to find her
When my Fairy Ship comes home.

Mary Farrah.

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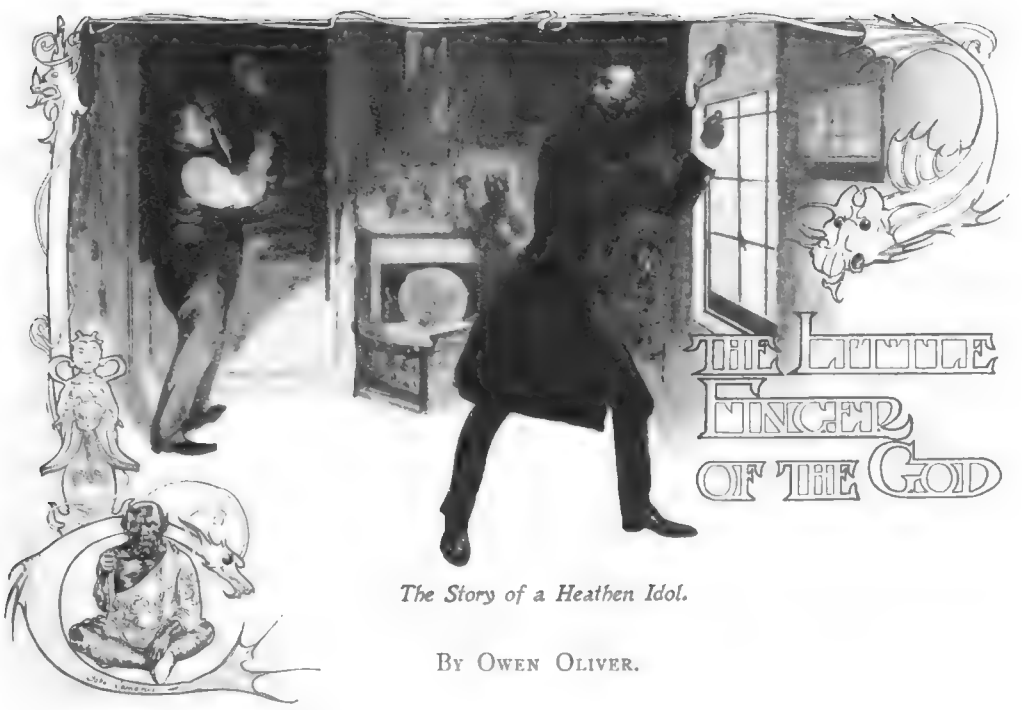

The Story of a Heathen Idol.

By Owen Oliver.

Collectors of the antique and the curious know Mr. Levy and his queer little shop in a queer little alley that sailormen of all hues and tongues and garbs and characters take as a short cut to and from the docks. All day and much of the night they pass in two thin lines; a straight line townwards and a zigzag towards their ships. A good many look in to see Mr. Levy on their first joyous journey ashore, for he comes before the public-house or the opium den. A few look in to see him on their final journey aboard; for when he buys from them he tries to persuade them to take their payment then. He is partial to the sailormen, and they are partial to him. I think he went to sea in his young days, for he is tattooed on the arm.

It is not the best of places for selling his wares, Mr. Levy owns; but it is a rare good place for buying them.

"There's nobody picks up things like a sailor," he has often told me. "They've knocked about all over the world and know what's out of the common; and when they see a thing they fancy, they generally manage to get it. But they won't carry it past the first shop where they're treated fair; and as for collectors, they'll come anywhere after you, once they find you've good stuff and tell the truth about it."

I have dealt with Mr. Levy for several years, and I am bound to say that I consider him a truthful man, in spite of the following story. It came out when I was selling him the last boxful of things that my brother sent home from Burmah; and this was the way of it.

"Forty pounds for the lot," he pronounced, "and you can keep the joss." It was a queer little idol with two gilt heads.

"I'd reckoned on fifty," I said. He smiled. "Well, nearly. Make it forty guineas and take the joss, as you call it."

He tapped the teeth with his pencil.

"I'll make it guineas," he agreed, "but I won't have the joss. I never deal in them; and, if I were you, I'd advise your brother to leave them alone the next time you write. Most of them aren't *pukka* josses, only shams; but you *may* happen to get landed with a real one."

"Come, come, Mr. Levy!" I protested. "You don't mean to tell me that you believe in them?"

He spread out his left hand and held it up to me. I saw that the little finger was missing.

"It's the little finger of a joss now," he stated grimly; "a god they call him."

"Well," I said, "I'll take forty guineas—and the story."

He considered thoughtfully.

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"I don't suppose it matters now," he decided. "It was a good many years ago; but, if you tell anyone, keep names out of it."

And this is the story that Mr. Levy—as I have called him—told me in the dark little parlour behind his shop.

* * * * *

An American sailor brought it here in a cab. It was life-size, and so exact to life that, upon my word, I almost thought he was pulling a body out of the sack at first; and then I stood and stared at it and didn't say a word.

It was a man—leastways a god—carved out of a flesh-brown wood that passed for the natural colour of the face and hands without touching up. The hair was real hair, black and long and harsh with age. The teeth were real teeth, too, I judged, though how they were put in the mouth, which was only slightly open, I could never make out. The head seemed to be cut out of a solid block, and I couldn't see any joins or feel them under the hair. The eyes were some kind of glass, and I couldn't see how they were put in, either; and another curious thing was that the clothing was made of a different kind of wood, and where it opened you could see the flesh-brown body, but you couldn't find how it was got over the body, or the body underneath it.

The cloak was hard black wood carved with flowers—well, not exactly flowers, but figures shaped something like flowers, as you see in some wall-papers. The hem of it was ornamented with metal beaten in to form a small flowery pattern. The sailor called it gold, but it wasn't. It was a composition of brass; but I've never seen the exact kind before or since. There were buckles of it on the sandals. The sandals were just an ordinary shape, cut out of a yellowish wood; but the legs were covered with stockings, which is unusual; stockings carved out of ebony, and yet as thin as silk, and looking like open lace, showing the brown legs through.

The figure was squatting cross-legged, and it had a dagger in its right hand. The dagger was steel, very real steel, and as sharp as a razor, and engraved with deep cut lines. All the engravings represented portions of the human body; hands and feet, ears and noses, and fingers and toes, and two heads, one on each side. The figure mayn't sound anything extraordinary from my account; but if you'd seen it! The workmanship was wonderful—wonderful!

"It's a beauty, isn't it?" the sailor said, when I had looked at it for a whole minute.

"Yes," I agreed. "It's good."

"What will you give for it?" he asked.

"Umph!" I said. I was a little puzzled myself to know what it was worth. "How did you come by it?"

"That's my business," he answered. "But I'll tell you this. The law can't touch me, or you—not over here."

I looked at the man—I'm a pretty fair judge of men—and I believed him. And, besides, if it had been stolen in this country, I should have heard of it. He'd robbed some joss-house over sea, I made no doubt, and they'd never trouble *me*.

"What part did he come from?" I inquired. "And who is he supposed to be?"

"You'll have to guess that, too," he told me.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Then I'll have to guess what it's worth," I said, "and I'm not going to guess against myself. It may be worth a great deal—I'm frank with you—or it may not. I'm not going to give a fancy price on spec.; but I'll sell it on commission if you like."

"Commission be hanged!" he growled. "I want my money now; and when I say now I don't mean to-morrow or this evening, do you understand?"

"Well," I said, "what do you want?"

He sat on the edge of the table—we were in this room, and he sat just there—and folded his arms.

"The thing's unikey," he said—he meant unique—"and I've run a risk for it that I wouldn't run again for a fortune. I'll tell you my price, and give you five minutes to decide. It's take it or leave it, mind, and no haggling. Look at me!"

I looked at him and judged that he was a man who knew his own mind.

"Very well," I agreed. "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," he said; and he laid his watch on the table; and I walked to the door over there and called into the shop.

"Isaac," I said, "come here for a minute." I don't open my safe alone with a stranger of that kind!

Isaac came in and I got out the money and paid the American sailorman. Then I sent Isaac back to the shop.

"Now," I said, "I've bought it. Tell me what you can."

"If I wouldn't tell you when I was selling," he said, "it isn't likely I'll tell you when I've sold; but I warn you of one thing—you go

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for small profits and quick returns, and get rid of it as soon as you can; and if you have any brown men come after it—men with broad noses like that"—he pointed to the joss—"and no eyebrows like that hasn't, and a left little finger gone, like that has—if you have *them* come after it, you take whatever they'll give and close sharp. That's all. Good-morning!" And he went.

"Ah!" I said to myself. "He *did* steal it from a joss-house. If they're following him by any chance—well, I'm not afraid of any Dagoes; but I don't want a fuss. I'll put it away for a month or so, till they've given up looking round here."

So I stowed it in this big cupboard, just behind me, and didn't mention it to a soul for a fortnight, and told Isaac to hold his tongue. He can do that, or he wouldn't be here. Then I had a call from a strange gentleman; a tall, thin, very dark man of about forty-five, dressed all in black; the sort who's spent his life among antiquities till he's grown to look a bit like them. Professor Settel-Lee, F.R.S., he called himself. He came in to inquire about some ancient Japanese bronzes that were made in England; at least, that's what he made out he came in for. A lot of them beat about the bush first.

"Do you guarantee these?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I don't." And he smiled.

"Made by Hammerton's," he told me; "some time last year. They've improved the bronze since."

"That's it," I said; "and that's how they're priced, if you look."

"So I saw, or I shouldn't have come in. I don't want faked stuff. Now *these*." He took up some little figures and examined them very carefully, using a microscope, and tasting them with his tongue, and holding them up in the light, and then in the shade. "They are a modern Japanese forgery of earlier work," he pronounced; "but they've used genuine old metal melted down again. Clever; very clever! They'd take in many people who call themselves experts."

"Ah!" I said. "They aren't right, then. I wasn't sure. How did you tell?"

He explained it to me, and, finding that he knew a lot about these things, I thought I'd ask him about the joss.

"I've got a figure in the back room," I said, "a sort of idol, that I can't place at all. I wish you'd have a look at it."

So he stepped in. Before I'd got the joss half way out of the cupboard—it was heavy, and took a lot of moving — he'd pulled down the blinds of the window and door, for fear anyone should see, and lit the gas.

"Man alive!" he cried. "Man alive!"

He stared at it, and his mouth seemed to water.

"Do you know what it is?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me. "I know. It's—my friend, you'd better *not* know. A chance word let slip——I No. You'd better know nothing about it. How did you come by it?"

I told him, and he listened with his eyes on it, nodding continually.

"You were wise not to show it," he said; "and if you take my advice you'll dispose of it quickly for what you can get—from an amateur! He won't give you what it's worth, because he won't know what it is. Those who do know won't buy it, unless—— Is it whole? *Quite* whole?"

"There's a little finger gone," I admitted.

"Ah-h-h!" he said. "Ah-ha! I might have known." He looked at it and muttered to himself. "It looks like an accidental breakage," he said; "and, if so, it may have been lost. . . . If I were *sure* of that——"

"What difference does it make?" I asked.

He sat down and looked at me.

"If They have the finger," he said, "it will bring Them to it. You may smile, but—well, it makes this difference anyhow—if I believed the finger was lost I'd buy the figure for a thousand pounds!"

"Seeing that you can't know," I said, "it's a cheap offer. Anyhow, if you'll tell me what it is, I'll advertise it, and take my risk."

He shook his head.

"You'd be a dead man in a week, if you did. That's why I wouldn't tell you. The name they call it means—well, it means several things. 'The God Who Repays'—'The God Who Strikes'—It does, or They do. It's hard to know how much is the priests' doing and how much the god's. Von Struymer holds that the priests are hypnotists, and the god is only—but it's no use talking about it. I'll make you an offer. If you'll put it in your shop window for a month, and if you have no trouble over it, I'll assume that the little finger is lost, and that They"—he lowered his voice—"have lost trace of the god, and I'll run the risk and buy it for a thousand pounds. Otherwise—well, if They come for it, I recommend you to give it to them peaceably."

"Who may 'They' be?" I asked. "The priests?"

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"The priests," he said, "and many more. All who owe toll to The God Who Repays. All who have—— No, I can't tell you. If I buy it I don't want you to be able to talk about it, and I trust you not to mention it to anyone until our business is settled."

"Very well," I promised.

I put it in the window the next morning. Acting on his advice, I covered the face with a thick veil. It was not supposed to be seen by vulgar eyes, he explained, and They would deal better with me if I had treated it with respect. It was a god that took sacrifices, he assured me, and he showed me that the right arm was jointed. There was a way to make it strike, he believed, but we could not find it. The dagger came down just in front of the crossed legs, where a man's neck might be if he knelt at its feet.

"If he were favoured by the priests," the professor explained, "he would be told to kneel a little to one side; or perhaps to cross his hands over his neck—so. Then the dagger would only take off an ear, or a finger. The god *had* to have blood once he was offended, and—but the less you know about it the better."

"It has lost a finger itself," I said. "Is there any meaning in that?"

He looked at it thoughtfully.

"There is a proverb that 'A god has only to raise his little finger,' and so—I suppose that someone thought that he would make him safe; your friend, the American sailor, perhaps . . . Well, put him in the window, and we shall see what happens; but we are playing with edged tools, Mr. Levy."

And I put it in the window, as I have said, veiled, and squatted on a prayer carpet, one of a dozen that wouldn't sell.

The boys and girls that hang about the alley came and rubbed their noses at the window, and nicknamed him Lobengula—it was the time when he was in the papers, and that's a dozen years or more back, as you know. Nobody else took any notice for a couple of days, except an old sea-captain, who was drunk, and wanted him for ten pounds. On the third day Isaac drew my attention to a dark chap—a Lascar he called him, but he wasn't—with a wide nose and black eyes and hair, who might have been the joss's brother. He was standing in front of the window bowing, with his hands crossed over the back of his neck. I noticed that a finger was missing—the little finger of his left hand.

"I don't like the look of that chap, Isaac," I said. "It strikes me he is after our joss. We'll put the old gentleman in my bedroom when we shut up to-night."

I always kept anything specially valuable there, and I had an alarm bell to the door, and bars to the window, and a revolver handy, beside my bed. So I slept soundly all that night, and when Isaac came in the morning—he didn't sleep here then—we carried the old joss down again.

The next day there were two foreign men as like as peas, and they'd both lost the little finger of their left hand. When they salaamed to the joss they chanted in a lingo that I didn't understand, though I know a bit of most. Then they went off.

When Isaac was going to take him out of the window that night he stumbled forward, and his head went on his knees; and the old joss lifted his arm—the one with the dagger—like a flash. I caught Isaac by the collar, and jerked him back just in time. He must have touched a spring, but we couldn't find it. We wrapped the dagger in sacking before we carried him upstairs.

It seemed to have got on my nerves, and I dreamt a good bit about it that night. I thought it was in a sort of temple with open sides, surrounded by sand and palms, and a lot of brown men were pushing me towards it, and its veil went up and its eyes seemed to draw me; and when I got within reach they tripped me with a rope—and just as I was falling I awoke. It was beginning to get light, and there the thing squatted on the table where I had put it, and the veil had fallen off its face, and its eyes were staring at me. I covered it up with the counterpane before I finished my sleep.

About half-an-hour after we had set it in the window the next morning, the two foreign men came in and salaamed to me. I might have been looking at the image, except for one difference. Their faces were flesh that looked like wood, and the joss's face was wood that looked like flesh.

"What do you want?" I asked, and they pointed to the image and jabbered in their queer lingo, and made a lot of signs, and played a sort of play. One was the joss, it seemed, and the other stood for me; and if I didn't go and kneel to him and then give him to them he would kill me, or they would, I wasn't sure which. Anyhow, I took up a dogwhip—a Swede brought it from Iceland—and then they went.

Just as they were going the professor came in. He caught hold of my arm and stopped me from running after them.

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"It's no use," he declared. "You'll have to let it go."

"Not for all the wood-faced Dagoes in the world," I said. "I'll advertise the thing with a sketch of it, and if you won't give me a thousand for it someone else will."

"Very likely"—he shrugged his shoulders—"if that's the price you put upon your life."

I turned a bit cold, for I knew that he understood a lot about those things.

"Look here," I offered. "Seven hundred and fifty down, and you can take it now."

"Not as a gift," he said, "unless—what did they say?"

"How do I know? It's all jabber—jabber—jabber, their talk. Do you know it?"

"Yes," he said. "Oh yes!

"Then stop and talk to them if they come back."

"No," he refused. "I don't want them to connect me with it; but I'll stay in your room and listen to them if you like."

They came back just after tea and went through the same pantomime as before; and when they had gone I went in and asked him what they said.

"They called to you to do obeisance to the god so that he could lift his little finger and go home, and when you did not do it, they called you 'the neck to the God Who Smites.' You'd better give it up and let me make the best terms for you that I can."

"Terms be ——!" I cried in a rage.

"Very well," he said. "I've warned you." Then he went.

I caught Isaac by the collar and jerked him back just in time.

I took the joss up to my room again at night. I didn't get to sleep at first, and presently I heard a noise below, and opened my window. The wooden-faced men were trying my lower windows. They ran away as fast as they could go, and I got back in bed and fell asleep.

I had the same dream as before, only I didn't wake till I had fallen with my head on the knees of the joss, and felt a fearful blow on the back of my neck; and when I did wake I found myself out of bed and kneeling in front of him; and I *had* been struck there, and nothing but the sacking had saved me. The knife had cut through several thicknesses of it I found when I got a light. I didn't sleep any more that night.

I had a nap after Isaac came and we had carried the joss downstairs, and I had just

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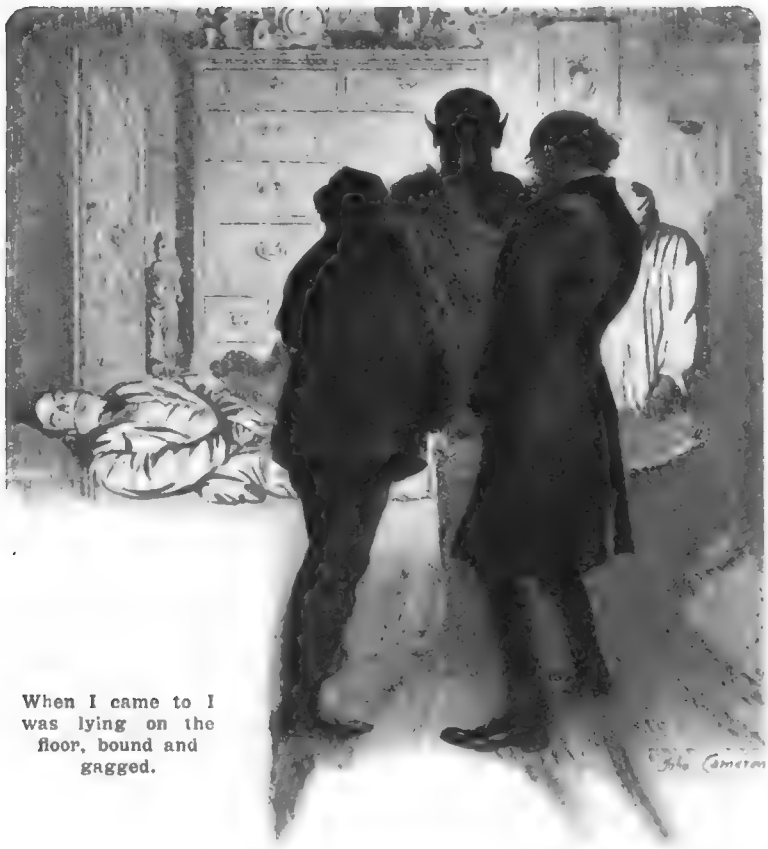

When I came to I was lying on the floor, bound and gagged.

finished a late breakfast when the professor turned up. He had been worrying over the business, he said, and he had come to urge me to give it up.

"For nothing!" I cried. "Not I; but I'll take five hundred pounds, you can tell them."

"They will not pay," he said. "For one thing, they would consider it an insult to the god to buy his freedom. It would be doubting his power to free himself. For another thing, they consider that *you* have to pay for the insult that you have done to him. But if you'll let it go I'll make the best terms that I can with them."

Just then the wooden-faced men came in, and I went out in a fury and took up a big knob-keri—the man who sold it to me said that it came from the Pretoria Kaffir Police. But they did not run, only motioned to me to look at the joss. Then they pointed me out to him and chanted slowly. There was no one near it to touch a spring, but the arm with the dagger went slowly up and quickly down. The two men bowed to it with their palms together. Then they bowed to me with their palms apart—as if "You see!" was what they meant. Then they went.

"Isaac," I said, "I've had enough of this. Get the axe and the coal-hammer, and we'll smash the thing up," but the professor came out from behind the curtained door.

"No, no!" he begged excitedly. "No, no! It would be a sin. Such wonderful work—such wonderful work! You may have your thousand pounds yet. Come and listen to me."

We went into the shop parlour and sat down, and what he said was this:

"You daren't keep it while they're after it, and I daren't take it; but suppose we can get them to give it up? What then?"

"It would murder one of us," I said.

"No, no! When I had it I'd soon find the spring and make it safe. Anyhow, I'll risk the idol if I can get free from its followers."

"You'll never persuade them to go," I declared.

"No," he said, "but—the god might!"

"The god?" I stared at him.

"They might mistake my voice for his!" He laughed a dry laugh. "If they broke in—as they thought of doing last night—in the dark?"

"I see!" I cried. "I see!" I almost danced with delight—I was younger then, and not so stout. "You'll talk to them in their lingo, as if you were the joss! And tell them to go off—and never come back, eh?"

"I shall tell them that I (that is the—the joss as you call it) will not come to my finger,

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They must bring the finger to me. They haven't it, or they would have been here before you put him in the window."

"Do you seriously mean to say that a wooden finger would have brought them to it? Shown them the way?"

"I mean it very seriously," he said. "And if they did find his little finger at any time—well, the risk will be mine, if they go to-night, and I buy it. If they don't——"

"If they don't," I said, "so much the worse for them. I'm not afraid of a couple of wooden-faced brown men."

We assumed that they would make an attempt for it that night. So we did not carry it upstairs, but set it in the middle of the shop on a low carved chair, inlaid with ivory, that looked like a throne—as I rather think it was; but the nigger who brought it didn't speak English well, and I could only make out that it was something to do with a "great ju-ju" called Ko-ko. We put a screen behind it, and the professor sat behind the screen. I hid behind an Indian cabinet that stood near the door from this room. It was dark except for a faint glimmer from the fanlight over the shop door. The shutters were up on the door and the window. The darkness got on my nerves, and whenever the professor stirred I jumped, thinking that it was the joss moving.

Twelve struck—one—two. Then I heard a faint noise at the window of the shop parlour—the room we're in now. They were evidently trying to force the catch.

"They'll come close by me," I whispered. "Hadn't I better move?"

"No, no!" he whispered back. "You might knock something over and they'd hear. They can't see you. They'll be between you and the light—what there is. Keep quiet."

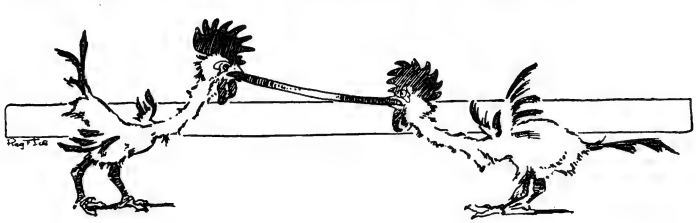
At last the fastening went back with a sharp "clack." Then the window was opened slowly. Then I heard them in the room, and then they crept into the shop and stood just inside it, close to my elbow. The glimmer from the fanlight showed them. They salaamed to the figure and spoke in soft, deprecating tones, and suddenly a voice came from it—well, I suppose it was the professor, but it sounded unearthly and angry. It seemed to be giving orders. When it stopped they turned half round, as if they were going; and suddenly the man next to me pounced upon me in the dark, and almost threw me over his shoulder into the arms of his companion. Then both seized me from behind and pushed me towards the joss. The veil was off its face and the eyes were like two bluish lamps. One of the men put his leg in front of me and tripped me. I went down on my knees before the thing. I saw the dagger going up. My head was pressed upon his legs, and my left arm was seized by the wrist and forced forward. I felt a sharp pain in the hand, and then I think I fainted.

When I came to I was lying on the floor, bound and gagged. I could move a thumb and three fingers of the left hand. There was only a pain and a bandage in place of the little finger—so I judged by the feel. The professor and the two wooden-faced Dagoes were lifting the joss into a great basket with handles. They had lit a lamp somewhere and it shone upon the figure as they lifted it. Its left side was towards me, and I happened to notice the left hand. *The little finger was complete.*

"Of course," Mr Levy remarked when he had finished the story, "lots of the josses you come across aren't the real thing. They're just parlour ornaments, so to speak. But you never can tell; and no more josses for me."

"Did you ever hear any more of them?" I asked.

"No," he said, "and I hope I never shall; but there's someone as I'd bet did, and that's the American sailor.



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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Pleased to Purchase True Real Life Romances Five Hundred Words in Length.

My Little Mongoose.

THE STORY OF A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

THE incident about to be related tells of a sudden appearance of death and of a strange deliverance. It happened in India, and was told the writer by one who knew the hero of it. First must be introduced the one whom the story mainly concerns. He was at the time employed in an official capacity connected with the railway, and was living in an out-of-the-way station, in a part well known to be infested with snakes.

One night the official, half-waking from his sleep, became conscious that he had been the victim of a nightmare. In his dreams it seemed to him that a great weight had been laid on his body. Every time he breathed he felt it pressing on his chest, until bit by bit he awakened to discover that he was lying on his back.

Scarcely two feet from his eyes he saw the hooded, brown and yellow striped head of a cobra.

The conviction that he had suffered from a nightmare was still on his mind, and he idly turned his eyes around his room, now faintly illuminated in the early morning light. Then his thoughts turned to the thing that had oppressed him in his dreams. Consciousness had not removed it. At every breath he felt that he was raising some mysterious and heavy object.

He stretched out his hand and encountered an icy coldness; at the same time an angry hiss fell on his ears, and he drew his hand back quickly. Scarcely two feet from his eyes he saw the hooded, brown and yellow striped head of a cobra. He felt the bead-like eyes pierce him through and through. His mind was clear, but there was something in that fierce gaze that turned his body, as it were, to stone.

A minute passed, and then the cobra slowly sank down into coils. With this respite hope revived in the man. Should he wait until the reptile had fallen asleep and then make a bold dash to escape? Half-an-hour passed, at least, so he judged by the slowly increasing daylight in the room. The official moved slightly. A responsive movement from the weight, that now seemed to have increased a hundredfold, warned him that the cobra was yet awake. Then an idea crept into the man's mind. He began to whistle softly. The snake stirred slightly, but soon subsided, soothed, evidently, by the sound.

Another half-hour passed. Still the man whistled, his eyes turned anxiously towards the open door of his bedroom. A slight scraping noise fell on the man's ears. In the doorway stood a little grey animal, half ferret, half cat in appearance. The little mongoose that he had tamed to respond to his call like a dog had come to save his life. In a moment the mongoose had seen the snake, and in another moment it had sprung on to the bed and seized the reptile by the back of the neck. The struggle was brief, and with the feeling of a man who has just received a new lease of life, the official leapt from his bed and snatched the little mongoose in his arms.

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The Voice from the Grave.

A MOORISH ROMANCE.

THE following story tells of an act of treachery and murder, and is typical of Oriental life. It concerns the Moorish Pretender, Bou Amara, and was on everyone's lips in Algeria some months ago.

At the time of the incident Bou Amara was much troubled. His followers were fast losing faith in him. Day by day fresh news of desertions reached his ears, and the situation was becoming serious. At night Bou Amara sat in his tent brooding in solitude over his waning popularity. Then one morning he arose, his mind again at ease as it had been in the old days when men rushed daily to be enrolled under his standard. Bou Amara had conceived a plan. Now should all men know that he was indeed the chosen leader of the faithful.

Bou Amara sent for one of his followers—the man he knew was the most faithful in his army. To him he would entrust the carrying out of the great scheme. Calling the man into his tent Bou Amara bit by bit divulged the secret that was to restore him to fame. Then the chief and his faithful follower betook themselves secretly to a neighbouring burial-ground. There he commanded the soldier to dig a grave, and while the man worked explained more fully the part that he was to play. At last the grave was completed. And now a strange scene followed unseen by anyone save the two conspirators. The faithful follower himself first lay down in the grave. Bou Amara threw him a skin of water and some provisions. Then with feverish haste he began to place boards over the hole. On these he piled up the earth, carefully leaving an aperture for ventilation, until a mound was raised. The work was done, and with a word of farewell Bou Amara returned to the camp.

Then he commanded the soldier to dig a grave, and while the man worked explained more fully the part he was to play.

Towards evening on the same day a Moor, half-demented with horror, rushed suddenly into the camp, and with loud cries threw himself at Bou Amara's feet. In words shaken by fear he told that while passing through the burial-ground he had heard a voice speaking from one of the graves.

Bou Amara rose to his feet and commanded his men to follow him. As they drew near to the burial-ground they saw that a great crowd had collected in a circle about it. A breathless silence pervaded the place. No one dared to speak beyond a whisper. As the chief drew near all eyes turned to him, and hands were raised signalling to him to listen. Then, suddenly from the ground a strange voice fell on the ears of the newly-arrived soldiers:

"Praise be to Bou Amara, the messenger of God, and our true Sultan."

The faithful follower was acting his part well. Again the spirit, for all regarded it as such, spake the same words. The soldiers turned to their chief. Bou Amara, with head bent, was accepting the tribute with becoming humility. A fierce joy was in his heart. But suddenly a fear crept into his mind. What if he were betrayed by his faithful follower? Bou Amara's eyes gleamed cruelly.

"A saint has revealed himself to us," he cried. "Let us therefore each place a stone on this blessed man's tomb."

A murmur of approval ran through the crowd, and soon a high cairn of stones was raised up over the mound. Then Bou Amara felt secure.

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Saved by His Wife.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH BOURSE.

THE blow had fallen. Mme. Rochette reviewed the situation calmly. It was one of those calamities that come into the lives of many in these days of fierce competition, and one which may at any time befall the speculator. That her husband had been unfortunate in his dealings on the Bourse Mme. Rochette knew only too well. Still, his arrest was an unexpected eventuality. Yet Mme. Rochette faced it bravely.

On her now alone, she felt, rested the task of saving her husband from utter ruin. He had interests in other companies, besides the ones that were at fault. Why should the shares in these be made to fall until they were almost worthless? Yet Mme. Rochette knew that men who had once been her husband's friends would now seize the opportunity to make them fall, in order to buy when the shares rose again, and to make a big profit. Her husband had not taught her in vain the ways and means by which investments even in a flourishing company can be made to appear of little value, and she determined to prepare a plan to meet the attack.

All through these days when the men were trying to ruin her husband utterly . . Mme. Rochette sat striving her utmost to frustrate the scheme.

First she must have money. Mme. Rochette considered her own fortune, all securely invested. Every share she possessed, she decided, must be sold immediately, and the cash be paid into her bank. When this was accomplished Mme. Rochette hired a little office near the Bourse.

Meanwhile everything was happening exactly as she had surmised. Messengers brought news to the little office that everyone on the Bourse was selling shares in Rochette's companies. "Sell; sell everything that Rochette has anything to do with," was their cry. Thus they created the scare, and every hour saw the shares falling in value exactly as they desired. Agents and small men bought. They would be glad enough to re-sell at any price when they realised how low the shares were going to sink in value, so the speculators reckoned.

But they reckoned without the little office that had just been opened in a remote building near the Bourse. All through these days when the men were trying to ruin her husband utterly in their eagerness to profit by his misfortune Mme. Rochette sat striving her utmost to frustrate the scheme. Whenever shares in one of her husband's companies were put on the market agents bought them promptly, and they were transferred to the little office. They were acting for a client who was ready to pay cash at once for any Rochette shares. The news caused the speculators to hesitate. Who was this strange person that was ready to buy Rochette shares; still more, WANTED to buy the shares; and, stranger still, was ready to pay hard cash at once for any?

As suddenly as it had begun the panic ceased. And all because a mysterious person in some little out-of-the-way office near by was ready and WANTED to buy all Rochette shares. And now that same mysterious person sat, excited, ready to burst into tears for joy at the success of her scheme.

But greater triumph was in store for Mme. Rochette. News spreads quickly on the Bourse, and the mystery that surrounded her dealing in her husband's shares had caused them to rise. Day by day their value increased, until, selling out, Mme. Rochette realised a clear profit of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

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A Fishy Job.

THE ROMANCE OF A VANDYCK PAINTING.

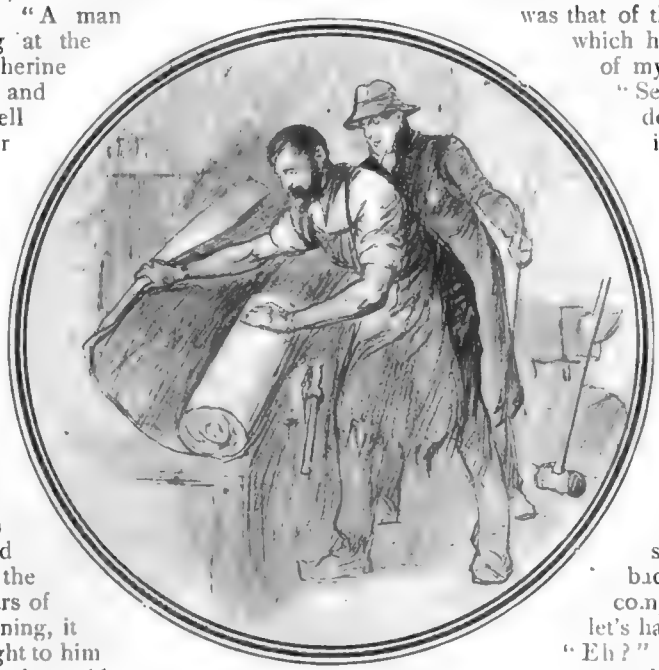
"YOU'VE got an honest face, my man," remarked the antiquary with a genial smile, "and as carrying's your trade, I'm inclined to offer you a job. What do you say?"

"Depends what it is," was the cautious reply.

The two men, an old weather-beaten carrier and a self-styled "antiquary," met as strangers in a recreation hall at Courtrai. Over drinks and their pipes they had drifted into confidences.

"I want a case of valuables carefully conveyed to Bruges," continued the first speaker. "A man will be waiting at the Gate of St. Catherine to receive it, and you will be well paid for your trouble."

The carrier accepted the commission with alacrity, but his heart misgave him somewhat upon certain conditions of transport being shortly divulged. The package was not to be called for, but, in the early, dark hours of a January morning, it was to be brought to him at some cross-roads outside the town of Courtrai.



The two worthies inspected the package.

"A fishy job," reflected the carrier on his way home.

He kept the tryst, however, and waited long in the chill gloom before the welcome sound of steps and wheels preceded the arrival of a man with a hand-barrow, who, stopping beside him, apologised first for the delay, and then for the failure of the antiquary himself to keep the appointment.

Having assisted in hoisting the package, which was ten feet long, round, and thickly wrapped in sackcloth, into the cart, he paid the fee in advance, once more repeated that the consignee, a rich collector of antiquities, would be waiting at the aforesaid St. Catherine's Gate, and, bidding farewell to the carrier, trundled his barrow in one direction as the cart jolted off in another.

The old horse, stiff and sleepy after his long wait in the chilly air, was hustled along in a quite unaccustomed manner, and presently cast a shoe.

"More haste, worse speed," quoth the carrier.

In time a blacksmith's forge was reached, another long pause ensued whilst a new shoe was fashioned and fitted, and the two men chatted. Naturally, the subject was that of the parcel, about which hung now an air of mystery.

"Seems a *bit queer*, don't you think?" inquired the carrier, with the usual elucidating scratch of the head.

"Queer! I believe you," replied the smith, who, having completed his task, released the horse's foot, and then straightening his back, winked at his companion. "I say, let's have a *smell* at it."

"Eh?" grunted the uncomprehending carrier.

"A smell at it. A feel of it, if that suits you better."

"What? Open the parcel?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Unrolling a large canvas upon which appeared figures of Christ and of soldiers, they had no difficulty in recognising from a description the famous painting by Vandyck, stolen from the church of Notre Dame at Coutrai six weeks back.

They at once sent messengers both to Courtrai and Bruges, and that evening waited in joyful anticipation of the promised reward of £800 to the finder of the celebrated picture.

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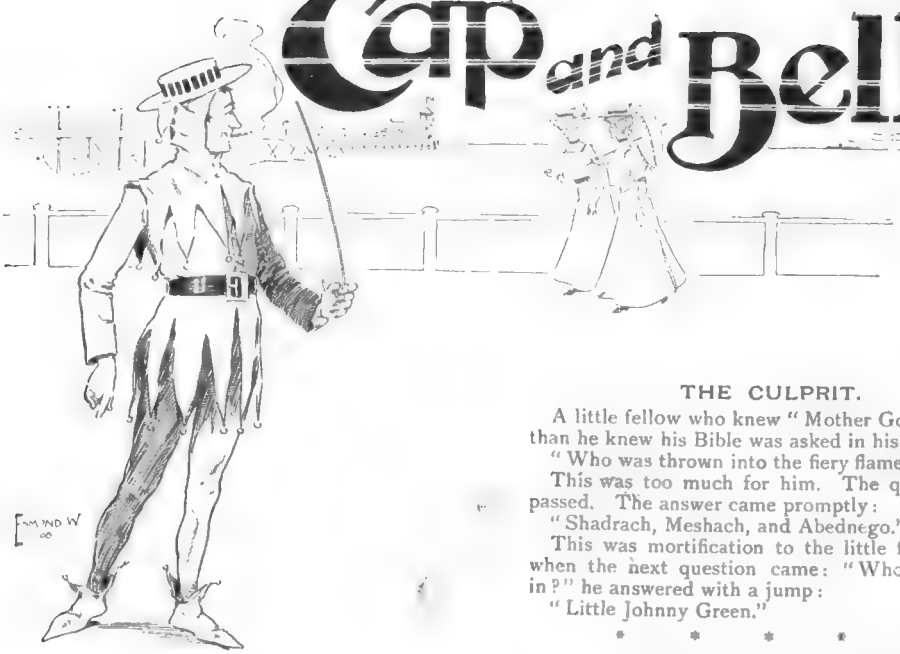
Cap and Bells



UNFAIR.

Colonel Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son, Johnny. After he had completed his labours, he said sternly to the suffering victim:

"Now, tell me why I punished you?"

"That's it," sobbed Johnny, "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

* * * * *

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.

When father strolls along the pier,
Unconsciously he seems to cause
A stir among the fellows near,
Which lasts, indeed, till he withdraws.

Their frank, admiring glances range
In his direction; when he's gone
They turn their heads . . This may seem strange,
Because he's plain to look upon.

His figure's stout; he's not a beau,
But elderly, and quite severe . . .
. . . . . .
His pretty daughter's with him, though,
When father strolls along the pier!

Leslie Thomas.

* * * * *

RATHER HUNGRY.

LADY: "Here, my poor man, is a ticket for a dinner at a soup-kitchen; and you can eat as much there as will suffice for to-morrow and the day after."

MENDICANT: "Thank ye, kindly, mum; but I'd rather like first to eat enough for yesterday and the day before. If it would make no difference to you, write that down on the ticket."

THE CULPRIT.

A little fellow who knew "Mother Goose" better than he knew his Bible was asked in his class:

"Who was thrown into the fiery flames?"

This was too much for him. The question was passed. The answer came promptly:

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego."

This was mortification to the little fellow; and when the next question came: "Who put them in?" he answered with a jump:

"Little Johnny Green."

* * * * *

"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."

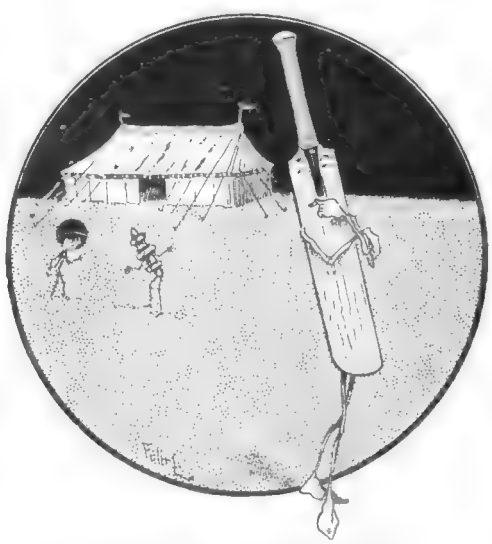
The author had unkindly allotted to her, in her part the line:

"Oh, how I wish I could act in this dilemma."

And the celerity with which a gentleman in the gallery responded:

"And 'ow we wishes you could act, too"—

insured the even greater celerity with which he left that theatre for the Strand.



IN A REFLECTIVE MOOD.

***Ball:* "Bat seems to have many things to think about."**

***Ball:* "A score at least."**

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ALL ACCESSORIES.

The night was dark, cloudy, and romantic, as he stood under her window at the parental mansion. A rope, chock-full of elopement, stretched from the window to the ground. Softly the sash was raised and her angelic form appeared at the casement.

"Is everything ready?" she whispered, in a third-scene voice.

"Yes," he responded, in the same theatrical tones.

"Have you the horse and carriage at the corner, a dark lantern, two revolvers, and a double-barrelled gun?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, "everything is arranged. Slide down."

"And have you hired two men to chase us?"

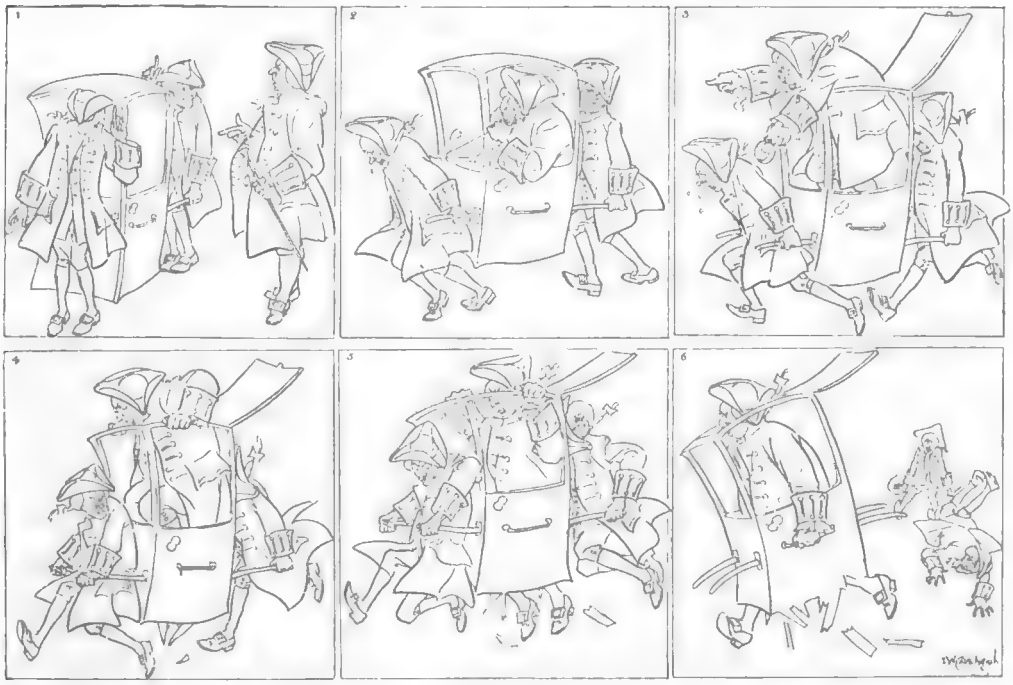
THEN AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

SCENE: Dinner-party at a rich merchant's house.

PROSPEROUS BARRISTER (recounting his career): "When I took my first brief I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg, any way you took him; but then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted; so I took the case and got the rascal off."

After dinner, enter an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him.

IMPORTANT PERSONAGE (patronisingly): "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman, I met him long ago. In fact, I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."



He was in a Hurry.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

BETTY: "Give me dat doll."

DOLLY: "You ought to say: 'Please, Dolly, give me that doll.'"

BETTY: "Please, Dolly, give me that doll."

DOLLY: "Shan't, 'cause I want it myself."

* * * * *

SEEKING INFORMATION.

The small boy was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I know a little boy like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he could never see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently, and said, when she got through the narrative:

"What was the matter with his other eye?"

EVIDENTLY.

Among the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus:

"This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow, who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose sole support he is."

The secretary of the society wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note:

"The circumstances of the case are evidently exaggerated."

* * * * *

NO CHANCE TO TALK.

"John, you yawned twice while we were calling on that lady."

"Well, dear, you did not expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?"

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HER MAIDEN FEARS.

"George."

There was an anxiety—just a little of it—in the girl's tone.

"What is it, love?"

"I read something in the paper that alarmed me."

"What was it?"

"Niagara Falls are wearing away at the rate of more than twelve inches a year, and in the course of some hundreds of years will be gone entirely."

"What of that?"

"You know, it is such a delightful place at which to spend a honeymoon."

"Yes."

"I had set my heart on going there on our own honeymoon."

"Y-e-e-s."

"We have been engaged four years now."

"About that length of time."

She laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

"In that time—boo-hoo—fully fifty inches of the Falls have been worn away—boo-hoo—and I'm afraid they'll all be gone before—before — oh, dear, what am I saying?"

"Never mind, love," said George tenderly, as he kissed her cheeks. "Don't cry. We'll go before the Falls are worn away. How would next June suit?"

"That will do nicely, sweetheart."

And she was happy again.

* * * * *

A FEMININE REASON.

ADELAIDE: "Why are you so sure he loves you?"

MADELINE: "Because he shows me the letters you write to him."

Nursemaid: "Oi'm a goin' to lave me place, mum."
Mistress: "Why? Don't you like the child?"
Nursemaid: "Yes, but he's that afeard of a policeman that Oi can't get him near wan."

TACT.

"You talk of tact," said a reporter. "I remember a case of tact that was as pretty as anything you can imagine. It was at the house of a member of Parliament. His wife was one of the most refined and charming women I ever knew, and she was full of tact. The M.P. had to give dinners to influential constituents, and you can fancy that some of them were uncouth and uneducated. One evening there was a large dinner-party, and a rather rough old fellow, a wealthy and important man, was the chief guest.

"The dinner went along very nicely. Beyond making a few rather out-of-the-way remarks, the old man behaved pretty well. But when the finger-bowls were put on the table he was rather knocked over, and, like many other heroes of such stories, he took his up and drank out of it.

"Nobody happened to see him but the hostess, and quick as a wink she signalled to the servants. They removed every finger bowl before anybody could touch them; and the old fellow doesn't know to this day, if he's living, what a mistake he made. Now, that's tact.'

"You call that tact," said an Irishman sitting opposite. "I can beat that myself. I got out of a scrape the other night at a theatre. I had a seat in the middle of a row, and there was a mighty pretty woman I had to pass to get there. I was squeezing my way along, and I couldn't help casting a squint at her as I went. While I was doing that I trod on her toe, and she gave a little scream. The fellow with her looked as if he was going to eat me. 'I beg your pardon, madam,' I said politely. 'I could not, judging by your hand, imagine your feet were so large.' There was tact! What are you laughing at?"

Reading One: "Then the beautiful Princess died and the King never smiled again."
Inquiring One: "But what did he do if they tickled him ——?"

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

FLIPSON: "Young Waggles has got the laugh turned against him in his little joke against the Blazes Fire Insurance Company."

FLOPSON: "How?"

FLIPSON: "He insured five hundred cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim, on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire."

FLOPSON: "And they laughed at him, I suppose?"

FLIPSON: "No. They had him arrested on a charge of arson."

A DESPERATE REMEDY.

A peasant, having sold the village doctor a sack of wheat, called upon his debtor for the pay.

"Haven't got any money," replied the man of physic.

"Well, then, give me back my wheat."

"Impossible; it is eaten up."

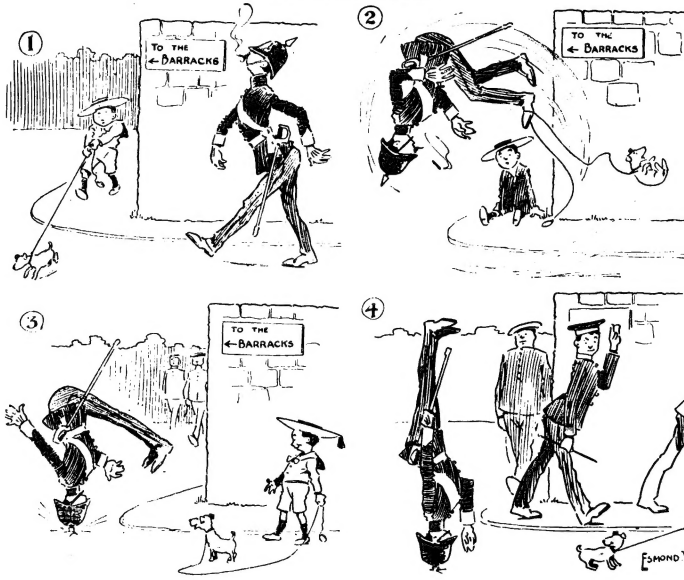
"Then give me a chair, or a table, or something."

"Got none—I'm a regular bankrupt."

"Then give me a dose of castor oil, anyhow."

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL.

A story with a good point.



UNWORTHY OF THE NAME.

A young American lady who has not long been married was invited to the first State ball, her mother-in-law being invited to the second.

As the date of the first ball drew near, the young lady was so far from being well that the elder Mrs. Smithson called upon the Lord Chamberlain to ask if the invitations might be reversed, so that the younger Mrs. Smithson might have a better chance of recovery.

"Quite impossible," said the stern official, and with a smile: "I hardly believe your daughter-in-law is an American at all; any American worthy of the name would get off her death-bed to dance at Buckingham Palace."

A DIPLOMATIST WASTED.

A famous animal painter says that when he was a boy he once witnessed a fight between two dogs, one of which belonged to an Irishman who was a retired prize-fighter. The Irishman's dog was badly beaten, and the fact was a source of deep chagrin to the owner. He was very jealous of his dog's record, but as only he and the painter had seen the fight, he asked the latter, in a decidedly significant way, which of the dogs won.

"Why," was the reply, "your dog won, of course. He was underneath the other dog, but he was chewing the life out of the cur all the time."

"That's roight," said the Irishman, "you have saved your loife."

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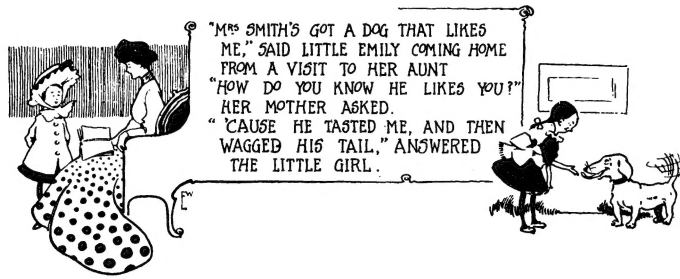

"MRS SMITH'S GOT A DOG THAT LIKES ME," SAID LITTLE EMILY COMING HOME FROM A VISIT TO HER AUNT
"HOW DO YOU KNOW HE LIKES YOU?" HER MOTHER ASKED.
"'CAUSE HE TASTED ME, AND THEN WAGGED HIS TAIL," ANSWERED THE LITTLE GIRL.

QUITE PEEVISH.

In the olden times, a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when all at once she broke in upon the conversation, and exclaimed:

"By the by, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?"

The unfortunate man, as may be imagined, grew exceedingly indignant at the indifference of his wife, and exclaimed angrily:

"What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm not likely to need ony o' them."

"Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warder with a wag of the head, "oor John's huffed because he's gaun to be hanged the morn," and marched out of the cell.

* * * * *

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

OLD MERCHANT: "Before I answer your request for my daughter's hand, permit me to ask what is your yearly income, sir?"

YOUNG OFFICER: "All told, it amounts to £800."

OLD MERCHANT: "H'm. To that would be added the interest at 3 per cent. on the sum of £20,000 that I intend to give my daughter for her dowry."

YOUNG OFFICER: "Well—the fact is, I have taken the liberty of including that in the calculation just submitted."

RESIGNING THEIR OVERLORDSHIP.

ANTIQUARIAN: "The custom of throwing a slipper after a bride comes down from very ancient times. Long before the Christian era a defeated chief would take off his shoes and hand them to the victor, to show that the loser of the shoes yielded up all authority over his subjects. So, when the family of a bride throws slippers after her they mean that they renounce all authority over her. Do you understand?"

SMALL AUDITOR: "Yes sir. They throw away the slippers they used to spank her with."

* * *

MABEL: "YES I GIVE YOU MY HAND WITH MY HEART IN IT."
JACK: "YOU CANNOT DO THAT."
MABEL: "WHY NOT?"
JACK: "YOUR HAND IS TOO DAINTY AND SMALL TO HOLD SUCH A LARGE HEART."
THAT MADE THE ENGAGEMENT IRREVOCABLE.

DECEIVING THE HEN.

A cute Yankee has invented a nest, in the bottom of which there is a trap-door through which the egg, when laid, i mediately drops; and hen, looking round and perceiving none, forthwith lays another.

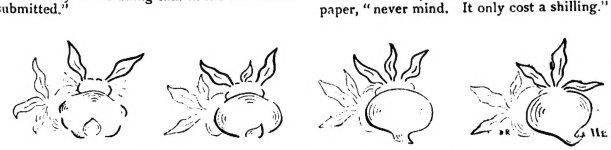
* * * * *

NO GREAT LOSS.

There is a coolness at the Wiffles' mar[illegible] between husband and wife, and Wiffles o[illegible] understand wherein he has offended. While he was reading the paper the other night MRS. WIFFLES came into the room in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, William," she exclaimed in a terrified tone, "the baby has gone and swallowed the whole bottle of medicine that the doctor prescribed for him. What shall we do?"

"Never mind," said Wiffles, looking up from his paper, "never mind. It only cost a shilling."



"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

[CAP AND BELLS *continued overleaf.*]

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AN OVERSIGHT.

REGULAR CUSTOMER (to waiter): "Your portions are very small to-day. As an old customer I generally have two slices of beef, and to-day you have only brought me one."

WAITER (with a look of surprise): "By the powers, sir, you're right; the cook must have forgotten to cut it in two."

* * * *

ABSENCE OF MIND.

THE PROFESSOR (at the dinner-table): "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy Willie lately?"

MRS. CHOPSTICKS: "No, professor, I have not seen him since ten o'clock, and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him."

PROFESSOR: "Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminded me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my mind. It was just about ten o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well."

* * * * *

JOBSON'S LUCK.

When Jobson played at cricket
In boyhood's days, with Brown,
The latter won the smiles of Fate,
While Jobson felt her frown;
For, in the village matches
With equal skill and pluck,
'Twas Brown who made his 45,
While Jobson scored a "duck!"

Since then, they've grown to manhood,
Yet things are just the same,
Although they've turned from cricket to
A matrimonial game:
For, though the scores are now reversed,
Brown still has all the luck,
For Jobson's maid is 45,
While Brown's is just—a duck!

William Freeman.

"I would like to see the oldest inhabitant; I always find such people interesting."

"Please sur, we ain't got one now, 'e died last week."

A LARGE ORDER.

A Newcastle timber merchant lately sat in his counting-house bemoaning the hard times, and the discontinuance of those large colliery orders which in days of prosperity were wont to flow in upon him in grateful profusion, when his gloomy cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a dingy customer, evidently from the collieries. The stranger briskly demanded if the merchant had any plane wood in stock at present.

"Plane wood, sir?" replied the merchant, stepping forward with a bland smile; "as good a stock as any on the Tyne, sir. Do you want it in the log or plank? We have abundance of both."

"Aa'm not pertickler," answered the pitman: "it's not much aa want. It's only a fiddle bridge aa want to myek."

* * * *

UP-TO-DATE.

"You have made this Cupid with a revolver," said the editor to his artist. "Isn't it customary to arm the god of lovers with a bow and arrows?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, "but Art must keep up with the times."

* * * * *

PUTTING IT GENTLY.

The Texans are a rough but kindly people. The last editor who was tarred and feathered in that State deals with the affair in the following matter-of-fact way: "If the gentlemen who tarred and feathered us last Sunday night will kindly return our clothes they will confer a lasting favour. We are still wearing the feathers, and while, owing to the thoroughness of our fellow citizens' work, they are quite comfortable for house wear, still the gentlemen who have come out with a feather suit are so few that our appearance on the street in the costume would be sure to cause remark."

(1)

(2)

(1) Sentimental Lady writing: "As I write I am sitting the solitary human thing on a lone and wreck-strewn Devon beach; above me is the still blue void of Heaven; before me the sad old ocean. It reminds me of those beautiful words of the poet——"

(2) "Hev yer got a bit o' terbaccer on yer, lady?" (Letter finished at the Hydro.)

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Some Tittle Tattle.

"A TONE POEM."

MR. CHARLES VIVIAN sends me the following clever verses parodying the letters which accompany MSS. sent to editorial offices. He calls it "A Tone Poem":—

PATHETIC TONE.

Dear Editor, my feeble frame
With agonising sobs is shaken
When I reflect how long it is
Since any of my verse you've taken;
Oh, break the spell, dispel the pain,
Don't send these wanderers home again!

UNTRUTHFUL TONE.

Dear Editor, my days are run,
Each breath I draw may be my last;
My girl-bride and my children [ten]
Upon the rates may soon be cast.
So if you want my dying curses
You've only to return these verses!

BULLYING TONE.

Now Editor, I care not if
Your locks are white as driven snow,
You'll take my work or else, by George!
The reason I will quickly know;
For if you don't I'll spill, I guess,
The few poor brains you still possess.

BUSINESSLIKE TONE.

Dear Editor, inclosed please find
Some verses which I trust you may
Find useful for your magazine
—And don't, my friend, forget to pay!—
If they don't suit you'll use, I hope,
Th'inclosed addressed, stamped envelope.

QUAINT CONTRIBUTIONS.

These verses remind me that lately I have been quite inundated with poems of all descriptions, one of which stands out as among the most peculiar I remember. It was entirely written in what I took—before I read the accompanying letter—to be red ink. It wasn't red ink—at least, the writer said it wasn't, and I was not sufficiently interested to have it analysed. It was blood—the poet's own blood. The poem opened as follows:

I fear me I am like to die,
For I am pierced with dreadful pangs——

I should like to quote more, but refrain, otherwise the poet may demand payment, and the verses are certainly not accepted. They were written (again you must take the writer's word for it) in a hospital after the poet, suffering from some mysterious illness, had been "given up" by the doctor. How he managed to tap his veins for the blood in which the effusion is penned he does not say—nor does he give any reason for his somewhat eccentric proceeding. Let us rejoice, however, that the doctor's sentence of death seems to have been premature, as the accompanying letter was written in good, sound, black ink and bore the address, not of a hospital (or a lunatic asylum), but of a villa in a well-known street of one of London's charming suburbs. Moreover, a stamped and addressed envelope was inclosed.

LADY TROUBRIDGE.

Lady Troubridge, the clever author of the article, "The Rich Man's Holiday" (page 338), which you've probably read and enjoyed by the time you reach this point, is a writer wielding no mean pen. She is a facile creator of short stories, and has written three novels—"The Woman Thou Gavest," "The Millionaires," and "A House of Cards," while a fourth is due to appear in the autumn. Rather tall, with a charming manner and pleasant voice, Lady Troubridge possesses a most engaging personality. She is devoted to her children, and always spends the first hours of the day with them. In her opinion the woman who takes little or no personal interest in her little ones, and does not devote an adequate amount of time to the personal supervision of their welfare, is a very unworthy being.

Photo Alice Hughes.
Lady Troubridge and her younger child.

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